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Events of the Week.

THERE is no lightening yet of the sombre tragedy which accumulates upon Bulgaria. The Turks are in Adrianople, the Roumanians a few miles north of Sofia, and the Greeks and Servians still pressing upwards from Macedonia. A new Cabinet under M. Radostavoff, formed from the Austrophil Liberal Party, is doing its utmost, at almost any cost to the national pride, to negotiate a peace. A direct appeal from King Ferdinand to King Carol has produced a reply that is not exactly pitiless, and Roumania is now trying to arrange terms. She is content to take for herself the big district within the Turtukai-Baltchik line, asking also guarantees for the little scattered Vlach communities in Macedonia—though it seems unlikely that Bulgaria will secure any appreciable area in Macedonia at all. She proposed, first, a conference at Nisch with Serbia and Greece, to arrange an armistice, and then a peace conference on Roumanian soil, insisting, primarily, that she should have her share in the general settlement. To these terms Bulgaria promptly agreed, and her diplomacy evidently hoped to detach Roumania from her other adversaries. That has not happened, but at least King Carol's army refrains from marching into Sofia.

FROM Serbia and Greece there is no sign of relenting or of any statesmanlike self-restraint. They have both rejected the Roumanian proposals, which means at any rate that they will not grant a formal armistice until Bulgaria has signed a definite treaty of peace. Greece, in particular, vapors of her determination to dictate peace in Sofia. Her terms are now said to be the surrender by Bulgaria of everything west of the Mesta River, which means her total exclusion from Macedonia, and the incorporation as Greek territory of some wholly Slav districts which the wildest partisans of the Greek idea had never claimed, even in newspaper polemics. Greece is now urging that Thrace should become an autonomous province under Turkey, which would mean that Bulgaria, after winning the war for her Allies, would emerge from it as she went in, minus the strip of her own territory which she has ceded to Roumania. These are unthinkable terms, but it does not yet appear by what process Greece and Serbia can be brought to reason.

* * *

THE occupation of Adrianople took place, apparently on Monday, when Enver Bey, with two divisions, drove out the small Bulgarian garrison. At Birmingham, on Monday evening, Mr. Asquith, in a reference to the "disheartening and even repellent spectacle" in the Near East, warned Turkey that, if she were "ill-advised enough to set the Treaty of London at defiance, she would raise questions which it was by no means to her interest to bring into debate." On Wednesday, Lord Morley said in the House of Lords that Turkey's action "might be very likely to act most unfavorably on those questions in which Turkey was closely interested, and which we hoped had been closed by the Treaty." He meant specifically financial questions, but in the French and Italian press very definite statements are made that Russia proposes to occupy Armenia, pledging herself to withdraw when Turkey withdraws from Thrace. This would be a singular turn of events. Turkey has invaded Thrace only because Russia incited Roumania to invade Bulgaria. Will Russia now rescue Bulgaria from a peril which she herself created, and charge nothing for this rather costly service? Italy will be pleased to assist with naval action, and will "do it cheap." She only wants an Ægean island. France, or the French press, opposes any action. Nothing is certainly known about British policy.

* * *

MR. PEASE unfolded the new educational programme on Tuesday, in a singularly clear and informed statement of educational policy. The present Bill is a small one, but he really sketched a system of national education renovated from top to bottom. The unborn babe is to gain something from schools in mother-craft, the infant is to pass at an early age into a new form of nursery school; childhood gains by the removal of the "Cockerton" restriction on subjects taught as well as by more physical training, school-baths, playing-fields, and medical treatment. The period of compulsory attendance is to be extended; and the pathway to higher education is then to be made smooth, partly by a compulsory provision of suitable schools, but still more by the co-ordina-

tion of existing miscellaneous schools, "academies," and polytechnics. In the highest stages of all, where universities, training colleges, and Imperial technical institutes hover between the "local" and the "national," Provincial Councils, covering large areas, are to combine delegated powers from local authorities with financial support from the national treasury. From the cradle to the grave, the crooked places of our educational highway are made straight, the rough places plain.

THE chief cost of Mr. Pease's reforms will be incurred when the Government proceed to make good the approaching dearth of teachers and the increasing deficiency of buildings. The money saved in recent years by excluding infants will reappear in the more costly form of new nursery schools. The growing arrears of school building which have followed the Act of 1902 will then, we hope, be overtaken before another generation suffers. Room must also be made for "half-timers" to attend "full time"; each with a school seat entirely his own. These are big holes to fill, and the sums required are much larger than will be needed for the handsome dole to London University, a new provision for training secondary teachers, more aid for medical inspection, school meals, and matters of that kind. A large new grant was offered as the price of Mr. Birrell's Bill, seven years ago, and since then the actual grants paid have been raided for other purposes; while educational finance has been badly muddled both by the national and the local authorities. Now the time has come when, Bill or no Bill, a "large and substantial additional sum" is urgently needed. "How much do you want?" one educator was asked. "The cost of a Dreadnought annually," was the answer.

As for the religious difficulty, Mr. Pease properly faces it as a practical problem in education. It is no longer to be the duty of an education authority to force Nonconformist children into church schools, or *vice versa*. If any parent desires the freer atmosphere of a public school, under local public management, the public authority will provide the accommodation. But, except for the loss of these unwilling scholars, the voluntary school, of all denominations, is not to be interfered with. As the child passes from one school to the other, the grievances against private denominational control disappear. In a great many cases, the deserted school will disappear also. In the rural districts, a generous system of conveying the scholars some little distance whenever necessary is foreshadowed in Mr. Pease's suggestion that "the school shall be brought to the child, or the child to the school." All this fits in with the urgent demands of rural educational reformers for central schools serving several villages, and large enough to be efficient, in place of a mass of little schools.

THE weak point of Mr. Pease's position is that nearly all his proposals are not yet embodied in a Bill. He has done little more than brilliantly repeat the general terms of Lord Haldane's and Lord Crewe's monitions. But it is clear that he means to repeal the prohibition against building grants in the Act of 1870, and the intolerable charge on the parishes in Section 18 of the Act of 1902, and that he will interfere slightly with the constitution of the Local Authorities as at present established. But even these reforms depend much on the form in which they are put before the Legislature. In other matters, the drafting of Board of Education Bills in recent years has been disastrous from a Liberal point of view. Tricky schedules, sly repeals,

disingenuous clauses, have twisted the best intentions of Liberal Cabinets into instruments of mere bureaucracy. The *personnel* of the Board of Education has happily changed since it last drafted a Bill. But it is very desirable that Mr. Pease should put his plans in black and white before the country, either in the form of Bills or Memoranda, without delay.

THE House of Lords has rejected the Welsh Disestablishment Bill by 242 votes to 48—a majority of 194. We cannot attempt to summarise the debate, which ought to be read for the Lord Chancellor's fine identification of the cause of Disestablishment with the idealism of the Welsh nation, and for Lord Salisbury's and Lord Lansdowne's version of their electoral policy. This has now reached a second stage. Lord Salisbury, in moving his amendment that the House refuses to proceed with the Bill until it has been submitted to the country, said that if the Government could not submit both this and the Home Rule Bill at the same time, it was open to them to withdraw one of the measures. If they would not do that, he and Lord Lansdowne suggested a Referendum. Lord Lansdowne formally chose the second of these alternatives, adding that if the appeal was unfavorable, the Opposition, as "men of honor," would abide by it. Finally, he threatened that if the Bill became law, a time would come when his party would, in one way or another, indemnify the Church.—On Thursday the peers finished their liberticidal work by throwing out the Plural Voting Bill—166 to 42.

ON Monday, Mr. Birrell introduced a Bill to carry on land purchase in Ireland. Briefly, sixty-one millions are needed to complete the two transactions of purchase and the great and most successful scheme for building laborers' cottages. The Government now propose payment, half in cash and half in stock, plus a cash bonus. But the only further issue to the public will be for some twenty-four millions, to be worked off in four years, and this will cover all outstanding transactions under the Acts of 1903 and 1909, so that a period will be put to the further issue of Irish land stock. As to the cash half of the sixty-one millions, it will be advanced by the National Debt Commissioners. All the Irish parties accepted this carry-on measure with their usual reservations and protests.

THE Khedive, under Lord Kitchener's guidance, has issued a decree remodelling the representative institutions of Egypt. Its tendency is not altogether clear, and we do not see where the people of Egypt either gain or lose by it. There was a Legislative Council and a General Assembly, the latter a large, unbusinesslike body, which met rarely, and lately incurred the wrath of the authorities by rejecting the new concession of the Suez Canal Company. Both will be abolished, and in their place a new Legislative Assembly is created. The Council, a small, experienced, but nearly powerless body, is the nucleus of the new Chamber. Two-thirds of its members will be elected, by a new, indirect system. Indirect election is inevitable in an illiterate country, and the new plan is probably more workmanlike than the old.

ONE-THIRD of the Assembly will be nominated, and will consist of the Ministers, with representatives of certain interests—Copts, Bedouins, and merchants. The legislative functions of the Assembly will be consultative merely, but it can impose a delay, by means of repeated readings and a conference, before the Government can

proclaim an unpopular law over its head. Similarly, its functions in regard to the Budget are limited to discussion; the Finance Minister can always reject its amendments. Some matters are excluded from its review—notably the Civil List, a serious exception which allows the Khedive large powers of patronage, that cannot be criticised. There may be in all this some improvement in machinery, but it is not even a timid step in the direction of self-government.

* * *

THE great pilgrimage of the constitutional suffragists culminates to-day in a demonstration in Hyde Park. There has been no more interesting or impressive method of propaganda than this in the history of any recent English movement, and the National Union could have chosen no more striking means of proving its vitality and its numerical strength. The pilgrims have followed eight main roads in the march on London. Some have walked the whole way from Cumberland, Land's End, or Newcastle, and the contingents rarely fell, on any road, below eighty or a hundred women. They held, as a rule, four meetings daily on their march, and seldom failed to gather great crowds, often of many thousands of hearers. The main body of the suffragist movement has in this way carried its arguments and demonstrated its devotion to the whole countryside. It had, unluckily, to cope with the prejudice created by a handful of militants, and in some places experienced the more or less organised violence of drunken youths. It has succeeded, in spite of this handicap, in giving a splendid demonstration of its enthusiasm and determination.

* * *

THERE was an important discussion on Wednesday in the House of Lords upon the slavery in the Portuguese Colonies of Angola and the Cocoa Islands. When the first definite information about this atrocious system was published seven or eight years ago, it was received with general incredulity, but no one now disputes the facts. Even Lord Morley, who defended the Government against the charge of apathy in the matter, admitted that "nobody denied that the conditions of labor under which these people worked were in effect bondage." He could only plead that this was not the moment to threaten Portugal with the repudiation of our old treaties in defence of her possessions when she was doing much to improve those conditions.

* * *

UNHAPPILY, Lord Mayo showed that the improvement was slow and dubious. The Archbishop of Canterbury protested against the "curiously cold" attitude of our officials in West Africa and the Foreign Office regarding the system. Lord Lansdowne pointed out that at any moment the Government might be faced with the dilemma of denouncing our treaties with Portugal, or sending our fleet to defend slave colonies amid an outburst of public indignation. As a matter of fact, the mainland plantations are still almost entirely worked by slave labor, and though the export of slaves to the islands was for a time suspended, Portuguese steamers have now been again licensed to convey from three hundred to eight hundred apiece. The Anti-Slavery Society which has fought this abuse so persistently, evidently has plenty of work before it still.

* * *

THE jury in the Sievier case have found for Mr. Wootton, and given him a farthing damages. Mr.

Sievier's charges against him were practically that he was a member of a ring of trainers who despoiled the public by pulling their horses or otherwise running them crooked or by concealing the true opinions of the stable as to the animals' form. Lord Derby and Lord Durham—both men of high character—upheld the general morals of the Turf, but the case was clouded with suspicion. Mr. Wilkinson, who made the bets for the Wootton stable, did not appear, and his method seems to have been that of starting-price betting, coupled with private settlements. Large sums were said to have been won on this plan, the bets being made at the last minute, so as not to affect the odds. Other circumstances were young Wootton's frequent convictions for foul riding, the alleged in-and-out running of some of the horses of the stable, and the statement of Taylor—one of the Wootton riders—that he was not meant to win with some of his mounts and was told to win with others. The jury found that these and other charges were not true, and were not fair comment. The judge incidentally made two useful suggestions: (1) that the Post Office ought not to encourage (as it does encourage) starting-price betting; and (2) that the jockeys' modern practice of riding with short stirrup leathers, which leads to boring and fouling, ought to be checked. That is a plain direction to the Jockey Club.

* * *

FROM the local defiance by one provincial general of Yuan-Shi-Kai and the Peking Government, the discontent of the Radical Chinese South has developed into something which may become a general rebellion. Its motives are distrust of the Dictator Yuan, whose methods (including assassination) are far from constitutional, the struggle of one set of office-seekers against another, the instinct for local autonomy, always strong in the South, and perhaps also among the younger men, a rash, if sincere, progressive impatience. Yuan has so far done little with power, except to keep it, but there is probably no one to replace him. So far, the military movement has gone badly for the rebels. Yuan has kept or bought the "loyalty" of some regiments or ships which were expected to oppose him, and the rebel army has withdrawn a hundred miles south of Nanking. The merchants of Shanghai have declared against Sun-Yat-Sen and his friends, but it remains to be seen how many of the Southern provinces, usually friendly to them, will care to go to war. The troops on both sides are mercenaries, and Yuan holds the war-chest. On the other hand, distance makes the remoter southern provinces difficult to coerce.

* * *

WE cannot but express our sympathy with the criticisms of the "Pall Mall Gazette" on the refusal of some of the London daily newspapers—for there must have been a refusal—to insert the doctors' appeal for a Royal Commission on venereal disease. Their case is absolutely terrifying—40,000 new cases of the worst forms of the disease every year in London, and 130,000 for the United Kingdom. What right has the press to conceal material of this gravity, and to fill its columns with acres of trivialities? This silence is the more deplorable when we remember Mr. Shaw's truthful indictment of the press that it has never rebuked—nay, that it has obviously encouraged—a form of theatrical entertainment which is nothing so much as a hypocritically veiled embellishment of vice. Journalism helps to spread the lure for the rash limbs of youth; when the victim is caught, it deserts him.

Politics and Affairs.

A REVOLUTION OF THE WHITES.

It seems to be the clear intention of the leaders of the Conservative Party to treat the whole period of Progressive Government as a kind of *dies non*, to be blotted out of the calendar, and to revert to the situation before the Parliament Act, and before the Bills for establishing Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and for neutralising the excessive power of the property vote. Payment of members is also to cease, and the old premium on wealth to be restored. The method of this revolutionary change is a Liberal defeat at the polls. If possible, this is to take place before these Bills have been carried. They will then all disappear, and the Parliament Act with them. If such an election should only arrive in 1915, the same results will follow, but the procedure will, of course, be still more subversive. The House of Lords will be restored to its plenary powers. Home Rule will be annulled, and the Welsh Church placed in full possession of the tithe and the rest of its funds, and, we suppose, restored to its old association with the State. Invited to cut its own throat, to save the Tory Party the trouble of cutting it, the Government, at the demand of the House of Lords, is to submit its leading Bills either to a Referendum or to a General Election. If the Ministry survives this ordeal and commands the situation through the Parliament Act, it is again to submit its fortunes to the arbitrament of the peers.

It does not seem quite clear what is then to happen to the Welsh Bill. Lord Lansdowne tells us that the Opposition are men of honor, and that when they say that they will accept the verdict of the people, they mean it. But in the next breath he tells us that there can be no compromise on Welsh Disestablishment. As to Home Rule, all that the Lords could offer would be a loyal endeavor to stop the Ulster threat of violence offered to the Crown. This, if you please, is to be yielded in exchange for a fresh commitment to a free inquest of the peers of all but the bare principle of devolution. Meanwhile, Ulster declines to regard even this demi-tender of Lord Lansdowne as binding upon her. Twenty General Elections, she declares, will not abate her resistance. Even the Lords seem struck with the absurdity of the process under which they pass amendment after amendment declining to consider Liberal Bills until they have been submitted to the people. You cannot have two General Elections at once, says the super-insolent Lord Salisbury. "Very well, drop one of your Bills—whichever you please." "Or submit both to a Referendum," suggests Lord Lansdowne. The offer is a measure of the unthinking egoism of the peers. No serious Constitutionalist imagines that a Referendum can be set up as a standing barrier to all Liberal Bills and taken down, like hurdles after a steeplechase, when the Tory flat-racing season begins, or that it can be established as an addition to the existing power of the Lords.

Let us, then, say at once that this is the speech and the policy of revolution, a Revolution of the Whites, which is so much more dangerous than a Revolution of the Reds.

Its fruits must be rebellion over three and a half Irish provinces, a tithe and church war in Wales, and a resolve on the part of Liberalism and Labor not to leave standing one stick or stone of the remaining functions of the House of Lords. It is enough to add that the body which arrogates these powers of disturbance has deprived itself of all moral right to exercise them. Lord Lansdowne has given up the House of Lords. He has offered to turn it into an Electoral College, and from that source and from other sources to constitute something that the people might be brought to accept as a fair kind of Second Chamber. But we are bound to add that these manœuvres tend to harden the natural indisposition of Liberals to surrender constitutional power to any body strong enough to stand up to the House of Commons. We have got the old House of Lords' spirit up against progress. Well, we have beaten it once, and we shall beat it again. But supposing we let the chained dog loose again, free for another bite? We are told that the Government's policy is that in no case shall the Parliament Act be repealed or the absolute veto restored. But let us consider one or two possibilities. We imagine that, under the coming measure for the reform of the House of Lords, we may resort to the expedient of the Joint Session. It is improbable that the Government will contemplate a House of less than 150 members. If this body is predominantly Conservative, it offers a strong counter-weight to all but a great Liberal majority, indeed to any majority which can be called normal. The social prestige of the aristocracy, headed by the most popular and powerful spokesmen of the territorial interest, might secure such a House. The very process of election would confirm its leaders in a policy of uncompromising resistance to a progressive House of Commons, which could then claim no superior parentage. Are we then to avoid election, and fly to the devices of nomination and indirect election? There are obvious objections. If we are to aim at a Liberal House of Lords when the Liberals are in power, and a Tory House when the Tories are in power, the whole argument for a revising Chamber loses its force. If, again, we deliberately build up a powerful Chamber of Notables, through the mixed agency of the Crown, the Executive, and the Houses of Parliament, we shall endow the conservative elements of the nation with an authority they ought not to exercise. Perhaps the best plan would be simply to take the House as it stands and cut down its voting power to about one hundred members.

But the main objection to all these proposals for "re-forming" the House of Lords is that the real problem is that which "A Liberal M.P." raises in his remarkable pamphlet, namely, "the question of the House of Commons." How is the House of Commons to go on after Home Rule? Are we to consider that measure to be a complete satisfaction of the demand for self-government and for efficient government, or as a first step in a general process of devolution? The Prime Minister has clearly shown his preference for the latter issue, and it is fair, therefore, to say that he agrees in the main with Sir Edward Grey's dramatic conclusion that "without devolution we shall have destruction." How, then, if

events are moving towards Scottish Home Rule, Welsh Home Rule, and last, but not least, English Home Rule, can we proceed to reconstitute the House of Lords before we know what subjects will be left for either House to consider? If, for example, the vexed questions of land, education, and religious endowment, are referred to national assemblies for settlement, the quarrel between the two Houses assumes a new and a much reduced aspect. On the other hand, if we reject devolution, and resort to a drastic amendment of the procedure of the House of Commons, the historic conflict between the two Houses may be resumed.

The heart, therefore, of the problem lies in the future constitution of the House of Commons. Liberals cannot be asked to reconstruct, and quite possibly to revivify, the non-representative assembly in the hour when it is the future of representative government which is really at stake. No cure for the evils of our Parliamentary system—the congestion of business, the enfeeblement of the private member, the too excessive influence of the Executive, and its increasing divorce from the work of the Commons—is to be found in any scheme for the reconstitution of the House of Lords. When we have decided what sort of a House of Commons we want, we shall know what place in this revised scheme a Second Chamber should occupy, who should appoint it, what should be its numbers, and with what powers we wish to endow it. If it is urged that all the great changes consequent on Irish Home Rule are incapable of solution on party lines, we assent. But we hope that the Government will pause, at this moment of all others, before they give the full seal of their authority and the full force of the official machinery to a solution of the question of the House of Lords calculated to weaken the force of the Parliament Act. There is much talk of mandates. But no one disputes that the Government possessed as unequivocal an electoral order for that measure as any British Ministry ever received. No such public opinion exists in regard to the reform of the House of Lords. The people have never been canvassed on it. If they have any general view—and nothing but a general view prevails—it is that that House should be smaller, and less obstructive, and more rational, and more modern than it is, but that its teeth have been drawn, and that a Liberal Government is in no way called upon to present it with a brand-new set.

THE TURKISH COUP AND THE GREEK BLUFF.

WHEN a loosely knit group, whether composed of States or of persons, finds itself hesitating, perplexed, and inactive in the face of a complicated problem of inordinate difficulty, it may congratulate itself when a clear and simple issue arises. On the Turkish question, at least, there is no room here for divided counsels. There is nothing to discuss, no rival interests to adjust, no jealousies to conciliate. Turkey has chosen to violate a frontier which Europe was in the act of drawing, and her defiance calls for a simple measure of police. The Treaty of London was in form a convention between Turkey and the Balkan League. But again and again,

by repeated interventions, the Concert stamped it with its own authority. It told the Turks that they could not keep Adrianople some months before that city fell. It proposed the Enos-Midia line, and sketched the treaty in draft before the delegates met in London. It secured the signature of the treaty, exactly as it was drafted, through the intervention of Sir Edward Grey. Finally, the actual drawing of the frontier line was a task imposed, not on Turco-Bulgarian delegates, but on an international Commission nominated by the Concert. It may be doubted whether Europe as a whole has ever made itself so directly responsible for any frontier, and if one Power is more responsible than another, it is this country. We are not disposed to judge the action of the Turks harshly. They were crushed by force, and they have acted quite naturally, and with none of the odious meanness shown by some of the Christian States, in attempting to recover Thrace. Bulgaria was not their ally, nor their inoffensive neighbor. But towards Europe their attitude has been one of contemptuous defiance.

The Powers, of course, are quite unanimous; they are all motionless. They show the beautiful harmony, the perfect discipline, of a regiment which is standing at attention. It is true that Mr. Asquith at Birmingham and Lord Morley in the House of Lords have vaguely indicated certain consequences which may follow from this Turkish defiance. It may raise questions which Turkey would prefer to leave untouched; it may result, during the financial discussions at Paris, in a settlement less favorable than Turkey would otherwise secure. This warning is opportune, but it is quite inadequate to the real situation. The statesmen who are content with this cannot have grasped the psychology of the New Turkey. They are dealing no longer with a little group of corrupt courtiers at the Palace and feeble Ministers at the Porte, all accustomed to sell their country, and quite as ready to yield to a warning as to accept a bribe. Turkey is a sort of democracy to-day, and the Young Turks who have carried out this *coup* under the leadership of their militant chief, Enver Bey, are making a last bid for popularity. They muddled the war; at last the chance has come for glory. Turkey is a democracy; but she is also a theocracy. Our Foreign Office ought not to have forgotten that it is for the Turks an inconceivable, an unprecedented, sin against their sacred law to yield up territory to the infidels save under pressure of force. The weary old statesmen of the effete generation might have understood the considerations which Mr. Asquith and Lord Morley have put to them. But we do not see Enver Bey standing up in the shadow of Santa Sophia to explain to an angry mob that he marched his armies back from Adrianople because some unspecified "questions" would have been raised if he had stayed there.

For the moment, the Turkish *coup* prospers, and it will prosper until the Concert makes up its mind to act. We are certain that public opinion in this country expects of our Government something prompter and more effective than vague verbal hints of what may happen in the distant future. We can quite understand that the Turks prefer to wait and see. They have had a long experience of the Concert. Our statesmen may have

forgotten, but the Turks remember, that Epirus was assigned to Greece under the Treaty of Berlin. They kept it with perfect impunity for a generation. That precedent will be renewed in the case of Thrace, unless Sir Edward Grey can act. He is the natural leader in any concerted action. It is his work that the Turks have undone, and at him in the first place their defiance is directed. We are sure that he intends, sooner or later, to see them quietly back across the Enos-Midia line. But the longer he waits, the graver will the complication become. There is only one possible course to pursue, and that is to follow the precedent of Scutari. A concert which has dealt drastically with little Montenegro, and dare not move a step to coerce Turkey, exhibits itself in a contemptible posture. We urge the case for naval coercion with the greater confidence because we are convinced that it is not to the interest of Europe to raise those mysterious "questions" which would be inconvenient for Turkey. Questions inconvenient for Turkey are apt to be troublesome for Europe. We do not want to see her made bankrupt, nor to start a scramble for spheres of influence, nor to see the Russian occupation of Persia extended to Armenia. All of this, or any of this, would mean the destruction of the Concert. It would no longer do nothing unanimously. It would quarrel like one man. All this is so clear that we are convinced (and the Turks know it better than we do) that these inconvenient questions never will be raised. The only way of averting a third Balkan campaign for the possession of Thrace is to take naval action at once. Let Sir Edward Grey act with the same decision which we showed when the Turks took a trumpety frontier post on the remote confines of Egypt.

It would be easy to go on to lay down on paper a programme which we should wish the Concert to follow in the larger Macedonian issue, if there were a Concert capable of action. The Græco-Servian programme turns out to be a little more monstrous than anyone had anticipated last week. The Greeks are flushed with the victories which the Servians have won for them and the Roumanians secured, and their vanity, buoyant even in normal times, is now hurrying them into excesses for which one day a heavy price will be paid. They now claim everything west of the Mesta River, a stream which rises near the old Bulgarian frontier, and enters the Ægean east of Kavala. Within this immense district lies nearly the whole of that Bulgarian-Macedonian population for whose sake Bulgaria armed and waited, and at last crushed the Turks. We are not primarily moved by regard for Bulgaria, though we cannot forget her services, nor repress sympathy with her in the disasters to which Dr. Daneff, by a fortnight's bungling, has condemned her. But we do confess ourselves without reserve or hesitation the partisans of the Macedonians. Theirs are the vital interests at stake, and theirs the future which will be made intolerable by this partition.

One must know the country to realise the full meaning of the enormous wrong which is being perpetrated. The Greeks are a race of townsmen, and when they state that a town like Seres, and little isolated townlets like Melnik or Castoria, are Greek, they state what

is true but unimportant. For Macedonia is an agricultural country, without urban industries, and with only a small urban population. It is a place of villages, and it is true to say that, save along the coast, the whole of this vast area which Greeks and Servians are claiming by the right of a conquest, secured only with Roumanian aid, is overwhelmingly Bulgarian. What is stranger is that the area outside it, known vaguely as Thrace, which the Allies are pleased to allow to Bulgaria (if the Turks are expelled) is very far from having the same Bulgarian character. Such a settlement means endless misery on both sides of the line. We do not believe that there is anything to choose in point of humanity or tolerance among the Balkan races. Evidence of Greek barbarities is slowly leaking out, and much which was charged against the Bulgars proves to be exaggerated or false. A Greek Bishop whom they had slain, on King Constantine's word of honor, has duly turned up, with a requiem mass to add to his sanctity. There will be nothing in the future but mutual persecution, forced conversions, suppressions of languages and churches, and it will end either in another war of conquest or in the driving of all Bulgarians out of Macedonia, and all the Greeks out of Thrace. It is useless to say that Europe will revise this settlement. She ought to prohibit it, and herself impose either an equitable partition or a régime of neutral autonomy alike for Macedonia and for Thrace.

THE REFUSAL OF FREEDOM.

"This day I had a long talk with Frank Place, who told me that when the Lords threw out the last Bill there was so little real feeling or spirit in the people that it required all the efforts of a few individuals to found the National Political Union, and that the Birmingham Union was just kept alive by the subscription of three men, who sent £50 apiece and saved it. He said that even now the National Political Union was mere moonshine, and the Birmingham the same. He added that a vigorous Tory Ministry would keep the people down easily for some time, but that they would rise at last and walk over all the upper classes. I had no notion of the apathy or disgust of the people, but he assured me he was right."—*John Cam Hobhouse's "Diary," Jan. 26th, 1832 ("Recollections of a Long Life," Vol. 4, p. 164).*

THE last fortnight has added another to the long series of impressive demonstrations by which the Constitutional Suffragists have given testimony to the strength and reality of their convictions. Their displays will throw color and life into the pages of a great Reform movement, and they will show the historian of the future that the women who wrested their freedom from a democratic generation needed no less indomitable a spirit than the classes that emancipated themselves in the days of oligarchy. For the moment, these consolations are submerged for most of us in the reflection that the Liberal flag has been flying for seven years, and nothing has been done to touch the grievance that inspires these sacrifices. For Liberals who can look to the future or look to the past, this is an anxious and sorrowful fact. And when we speak of Liberals who can look ahead or look behind, we do not arrogate to anyone set of men any special gift of imagination or foresight. What we mean is that, under the conditions that prevail in the House

of Commons, Members of Parliament are like men in an engine-room, working amid the deafening noise of machinery to get the day's output accomplished, with little leisure to survey life and the world outside. If a cause can thrust itself into the machine, it comes under their notice, but even then only so far as it concerns its working. All the more imperative, therefore, is it that those who are outside this distracting workshop should keep before them those considerations that are apt to escape the party mind.

It is argued that there is no effective demand for woman suffrage. The quotation set at the head of this article, recording the impression of a politician so intimately connected with the Reform Bill as Place himself in 1832, should make us cautious about such estimates. John Bright, the author of the Reform of 1867, once talked of his own agitation for all Reform as no better than flogging a dead horse. But what is an effective demand under our party system? The demand for reform under our party system is a demand organised and animated by the methods of party. Nobody will pretend, for example, that the number of persons in favor of woman suffrage at this moment is not vastly greater than the number of persons who were in favor of Home Rule for Ireland in the winter of 1885. Mr. Gladstone adopted Home Rule, and at once the party organisation was harnessed to the agitation. If anybody wants to deal fairly with the effective demand argument, he must ask himself, not what is the demand now, but what would be the demand if some great political leader, or if either caucus, adopted woman suffrage. That is the way our political system works. The recognised parties have a vast organisation for propaganda and instruction. All the organisations that represent working women—Trade Unions, the Co-operative Guild, and the rest—have expressed themselves clearly and often. They have not the money of the party organisations nor have they their prizes and awards to offer. What means are there outside? It may well be questioned whether the application of the argument from demand to the withholding of citizenship can be reconciled with democratic conceptions. But if the argument is provisionally accepted, the Suffragists can surely challenge their opponents to point to any modern reform which has received anything like so much support as woman suffrage without the help of any great political leader or any party organisation.

The second fact that is overlooked is this: The movement for enfranchisement is not going to flicker out. It is not a fashion of the hour, or a passing fancy. The Liberal Party is face to face with a steady demand for freedom, and the consequence of refusing it is precisely what the consequence of refusing freedom has always been. It is no longer a question merely of delaying a reform, or waiting for it to ripen. If Liberals are going to take the view that the Tories took before 1832, that Heaven or Nature has drawn a line between those who have the franchise and those out in the cold, they will be driven to the methods by which the Tories defended their theory. A large class of people cannot be excluded from the franchise, when once its interest has been aroused, either in this country or any other, without disturbance or dis-

order, and the Government that tries to deal with it is drawn from one blunder to another. A Liberal Government, coercing an unenfranchised class, makes itself ridiculous or odious, or both. The Militants have, in one sense, made the position of the Government easier by declaring indiscriminate war on the public, but the sense of security which the Government has derived from their unpopularity has itself been a source of danger. No Liberalism can really thrive in the atmosphere created by the repression of a demand for enfranchisement, and when the Liberal Party has to live and work in this atmosphere, its whole character suffers.

Politicians get into the way of regarding the dates when earlier reforms were conceded as if they were the right and proper time for that particular enfranchisement. They say, "remember that in 1832 this condition was fulfilled, and in 1867 that condition was fulfilled." This is surely an amazing view for a Liberal. It amounts to saying that the privileged classes were right to resist up to that point, and that an earlier enfranchisement would have been premature. The very contrary seems to be true, that those reforms were already disastrously late. They were too late because the industrial revolution took place under political conditions that denied any protection to the classes that most needed it. The industrial revolution set up a new society in England, and the standard of life of the mass of men and women in that society was settled by a Parliament representing the rich and relying on the bayonets of the British Army. It is not too much to say that half of the reforms achieved or prosecuted in the last half-century have been directed to removing or mitigating the vast consequences that have followed to the British nation from the calamity that left the artisan class unrepresented during the revolution which created the new industry and the new town. The shadow of that calamity rests to-day on the health, the physique, the mind, and the homes of the working classes, and therefore of the race.

To-day the life of the nation is passing through another revolution. The Insurance Act is part of a general scheme of State interference with the lives and habits and property of the mass of men and women. Mr. Balfour did not exaggerate when he said that "it touches more sets of people in more obscure and unanalysable ways than any measure which has been tried." Among the persons whom it directly affects, not as wives and mothers, but as wage-earners themselves, are three and a half millions of women. The wages of these women are taxed by a Parliament of men representing men alone. For the administration of the Act a huge State Department has been created, and other Departments have been enormously aggrandised. In these Departments, touching the lives and special interests of women at a thousand points, a certain number of women officials are employed. What they shall be paid, what powers they shall enjoy, whether they are to have any influence on decisions of great moment to the women of England, depend entirely on the discretion of Ministers responsible to a Parliament representing men alone. Indeed, the organisation of the new State, involving, as it does, the rapidly increasing employment of women by Govern-

ment, raises in an acute form the whole question of the relative remuneration of men and women.

Thus, directly and in other indirect ways the State is coming more and more to regulate the wages and conditions of employment. We can all see the injustice of allowing a Parliament representing the employers to crush the efforts of the working classes to maintain a civilised standard of life a century ago. To Pitt and Eldon and Castlereagh and virtually the whole of the governing class there seemed no injustice and no danger. Will it not appear to the future historian not less extraordinary that the Liberal Party should pile law upon law, project upon project, for increasing the power of the State over every woman's home, and tell women, as Pitt and Castlereagh told the workmen, that they must trust to the wisdom and virtue of the privileged class?

A REVOLUTION IN BUSINESS METHOD.

LABOR men and Radical reformers, whose main concern is to secure a better distribution of wealth, are apt to be impatient when they are invited to regard as equally important the problem of increased production. Yet the two paths of industrial progress are not divergent, but march together. A simple sum in arithmetic will suffice to show that, large as sounds the aggregate income of our nation, equally divided it would not furnish for all our population a really satisfactory livelihood. Since no one seriously supposes that such equal distribution is attainable, a large section of the nation will, therefore, continue to live below the level of civilised existence unless the product of industry can be greatly increased. So sluggish is the general mind in periods of industrial prosperity like that through which we are still passing, so contented are we with the trade statistics and the visible evidence of wealth, that the effect of introducing really radical reforms into methods of business is felt to be intolerable. The result of this conservatism is that nations such as Germany and the United States, where minds are more receptive and courage greater, are progressing more rapidly in many of those industries where recent scientific methods count most heavily. This is the result not so much of our ignorance as of "a certain slowness in the acceptance and utilisation of new methods," to which Mr. Asquith drew attention in addressing the Chambers of Commerce at Birmingham last Monday. The fact is, that though physics, chemistry, and other sciences have contributed innumerable inventions and improvements in the several industrial processes, business as an organisation has remained in a hand-to-mouth condition.

This is probably the reason why the "scientific management," which is revolutionising certain sections of the business world in America, has been so slow to take root in this country. But no one who has studied its achievements there can doubt that, judiciously applied, it is capable of enormously increasing the output of products, particularly in the engineering, metal, and constructive works. Everybody with wide practical experience knows the immense difference in the output of the same machine as operated in different factories,

or by different men in the same factories. Everybody knows the accumulation of little wastes of time by workers having to find or fetch materials or tools, or to do various other little operations that divert their full energy and attention from their proper task. More important still are the wastes from deficiency of planning work, which often leave expensive machines standing idle, or whole departments slack. To regulate the flow of work so that it is even and continuous, and that each process is done as quickly and as perfectly as possible, is so obviously profitable that it might be supposed that every decently ordered business practises it. But this is far from being the case. For this economy involves a centralisation and specialisation of functions, and a system of exact direction and tabulation of operations and results, which are alien from the traditions of British business life. It has been our way to break up a business into separate departments, with virtually independent managers who, in their turn, delegate a general authority to foremen. This spirit of diffusion and freedom for each man to get things done more or less in his own way is carried down to the ordinary workman in each process. To set specialist experimenters to study the separate processes in the manufacture of a product and each action in each process, in order to discover which is the easiest, quickest, and most accurate way to do it; to tabulate these results, and to drill the overseers and the workers, so as to get each process done in the right time and the right way, imply a complete re-orientation of British business methods. Relieving, as it does, the rank and file from most of the initiative and discretion which they have hitherto exercised, to concentrate these qualities upon the central management and their "functional foremen," it will impose more brain-work upon the employer. He must equip himself with a live staff of inventors who shall devise new tools and technical methods for dealing with new jobs. Elaborate card-indexes and calculations of cost and time must accompany and register each industrial act; electric bells and other mechanical devices must keep each worker in touch with those who supply the needs of his particular process. Every worker must be taught the exact way to work and be stimulated to follow it by knowing how much he has done and what he is to get for it.

The experiment, already for some time on trial in one of our large Northern engineering works has been attended by results so extraordinary and so uniform as to make its wide adoption only a matter of time. The bare statement of saving of time and enlargement of output experienced by the firm as the result of planned and measured work done under a system of premium wage sounds incredible until account is taken of the accumulated sources of economy. A reduction of the time taken for a single process from forty to seven seconds is by no means an extreme example of the magnitude of the saving effected. Of course, the organic nature of the reform makes it seldom possible to ascertain precisely how far the saving is attributable to improvements in the tools, better ways of handling them, economy of spare or wasted time, or greater celerity and accuracy of actual workmanship. But it is evident that, if this method can be worked skilfully and amicably by

the employers and the workers in the engineering and other industries to which it is applicable, an enormous increment of output is likely to accrue.

The English firm which is acting as pioneer has experienced no serious difficulty with its employees. Its position is strong and well established, and the liberality of its labor policy is attested by the shortness of its work day and by other important provisions for the social welfare of the workpeople. Moreover, the premium system has yielded an increased enlargement of weekly earnings so considerable as to counteract any initial suspicions that scientific management might mean speeding up and cutting rates. Much will depend upon the spirit in which this new method, now recognised as profitable, is generally adopted as a trade policy. For it would be idle to ignore the fact that some of these very economies upon which we have dealt are likely to awaken resentment and suspicion among the workmen and their unions unless the latter can be got to see that a substantial share of the increased wealth will be secured to them in wages, hours of labor, and other improved conditions. It is admitted by the advocates of Scientific Management that, in the hands of less scrupulous or keenly competing firms, it might become an instrument of driving and sweating. Nor can it be asserted that a rapid adoption of a method in which skilled labor is so highly economised might not cause some unemployment, for the reduction of selling prices, which would naturally accompany the general adoption of the cheaper processes, would not necessarily stimulate so large an increase of demand as to absorb the supply of labor.

Nor, finally, is it evident that the high premiums required to evoke and maintain the discipline and energy in the initial stages of an experiment, will be retained as a normal part of the wage system after the method has passed into the common custom of the trade. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that organisations, both of employers and of workmen, should take time by the forelock in so important a matter, and try to negotiate a friendly basis for the apportionment of the gains proceeding from these methods of "Scientific Management." Considering that exact quantitative analysis is the prime condition of the operation of this method, it ought to be more feasible to work out piece-rates which are mutually satisfactory than has hitherto been practicable under a clumsy rule-of-thumb. We see no reason why the application of more scientific methods to business management should militate against trade unionism, as some critics have suggested. On the contrary, everything that makes for fuller information and more exact accounts ought to enable collective bargaining to be conducted more easily and more securely. But in this, as in every labor-saving device, it is important for labor to negotiate intelligently at the start, instead of embarking on a futile conflict later on.

A London Diary.

An article in the "Daily Mail" reflects, I think, fairly well the arrogant self-content of European diplomacy with the situation which spells its own defeat. "By all means,

let these little Powers destroy themselves; we have at least one peril the less." Russia, I suppose, may make this boast, but who else? And is it not clear that the situation which for the moment crowns Roumania's policy of "Trust to the devil, and keep your powder dry," carries with it grave warning to the Powers whose trust is both in armaments and in treaty-bound alliances? What is the "final value" of either of these arms of flesh? Suppose, as a friend suggests to me, we half ruin ourselves and decimate our naval strength in a war with Germany? What is to prevent France or Russia snatching at the sceptre as it falls from our hands? What deposit of faith and honest dealing remains to such a materialised, such a short-sighted, world?

As to the self-revelation of the Balkan States, I am afraid it almost ends the form, though not the spirit, of the old Gladstonian creed as to the Near East. Serbia no one trusted; but faith in Greece has been killed stone-dead. Its foolish journalistic King has undone in a few weeks the work of conciliation which his father toiled for years to achieve, and when she wants British sympathies again—as she will do very soon—she will look in vain for them. One good fruit of her conduct is that one hears the project of making Salonica a free port—the only just solution of the racial and commercial problem—discussed with some hopefulness. Greece might have got it as the price of an agreement with Bulgaria. Now she will never have it for long.

I SUPPOSE the latest version of the Lansdowne challenge to an election or referendum must mean that Orangeism has been persuaded that nothing is risked by those sham manoeuvres. But the whole episode offers a typical example of the hand-to-mouth character of Unionist policy. As I noted last week, the Curzonian variation of the original challenge was put together by Lord Lansdowne, in consultation with his authorised interpreter, while the debate was actually going on, obviously in deference to some whispered forerunner of the threats to which Sir Edward Carson gave full-tongued utterance two days later. Next came the Salisbury gloss on the Curzon interpretation, and, finally, the desperate restoration of the text to its original simplicity by Lord Lansdowne himself. To find a parallel for those oscillations and fluctuations, one must turn to another page in the book of Unionist tactics—I refer, of course, to the chapter which commemorates Mr. Bonar Law's wavering course in the food-taxes wrangle.

MILITANT suffragists may take a lesson from the perfectly harmless and very effective demonstration organised by the Woman's Freedom League last Tuesday. An electric launch came alongside the House of Commons terrace at high tide, and at the tea-hour, when the terrace was crowded with members and visitors, two ladies sprang on to the roof of the cabin, and one of them delivered a rather violent speech for over a quarter of an hour, which was loudly applauded by her crowded, amused, and interested audience.

MANY European friends of Mr. Sauer will mourn his unexpected death. He was not only a man of unusual

power and directness of mind, but of a firmness of character and straightness of speech that one rarely meets in the experienced and even indurated type of statesman he was supposed to represent. He was a true South African, perhaps the ablest of his time, less cultivated, less English, than his old friend Merriman, but widely read, a bold thinker on all subjects, and at the same time deeply imbued with the South African spirit. He had a good many affinities with British Radicalism; but they were colored by his affection for the land where his strongest attachments and sympathies lay, and by his hatred of Imperialism. He was, I think, one of the best speakers I ever heard, using a singularly pure, simple English style, tinged with irony, but restrained and in excellent taste. One cannot but remember that he was treated with singular indignity and meanness under the panic-stricken military rule which prevailed at Capetown during the Boer War. Among other insults, Government House sent down an orderly to demand from him an innocent English book of criticisms of its policy. Mr. Sauer's wit was equal to the occasion. He handed over the offending volume with the remark, "There it is; and I hope it will help you to catch De Wet."

I THINK there is some Liberal soreness that the Whips should be put on for the Marconi debate to decide a scientific and non-party issue. Mr. Samuel is a good advocate, but he has not yet convinced the House that the best bargain has been made, that we need pay the Marconi people their 10 per cent. royalty so long as a single Marconi patent is used on a station, or that the equipment could not have been done by the State Departments, or that the question is so Imperially "urgent" that it must be settled in this off-hand manner. Where, indeed, is the hurry? To-day the Admiralty has wireless communication at any moment through its aerial in Whitehall with the Mediterranean. The North Sea is covered, and it has only to send a single ship to the Indian Ocean to extend the service to India. There really cannot be such haste about Australia alone.

HERE is a story of Oscar Wilde which I do not remember to have heard. A friend pressed an invitation on him. He declined. "The fact is, I am going to a publisher's funeral. He is to be buried simultaneously in London and New York—to save copyright." It was the morning of the passing of the Copyright Act.

LITERARY allusion is looking up in political controversy, at any rate in the House of Lords. On the Welsh Bill we had a longish recitation by Lord Lansdowne from Pope's "Ode to Silence"—a different piece of satire, by the way, from that in which the same poet rallied a former Lord Lansdowne on his Whiggish gift of verbal ambiguity, apparently a family trait. But, perhaps, the gem of the week was the severe phrase in which Lord Powis dealt with a certain vagabondish author, posthumously convicted of having been quoted in debate by Mr. Lloyd George—"A gentleman," said Lord Powis, in all gravity, "called Mr. Borrow, who wrote some history."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

STRAIGHT THINKING IN POLITICS.

WHENEVER a man of bright and fearless mind sets himself to study politics he is obliged to discourse paradoxes. This is not because he is so clever, but because the legislator, the official, and the political theorist evolve for their convenience "doxies" that are so false. So it comes about that the young school who are studying "real" politics in America find the richest "humanity" in what is known as "the machine." Constitutions, statutes, systems, the formulae of principles and platforms, become static and bloodless in their appeal, wholesale, indiscriminate, and abstract in their application. So ways of outwitting or of humanising them must be devised. The graft, chicanery, and corruption of machine politics are explained by Mr. Walter Lippmann in his brilliant little book, "A Preface to Politics" (Mitchell Kennerley and D. J. Rider), as belonging to this effort to humanise politics.

"Behind the parties has grown the 'political machine'—falsely called a machine, the very opposite of one in fact, a natural sovereignty, I believe. The really rigid and mechanical thing is the charter behind which Tammany works. For Tammany is the real government that has defeated a mechanical foresight. Tammany is not a freak, a strange and monstrous excrecence. Its structure and the laws of its life are, I believe, typical of all real sovereignties. You can find Tammany duplicated wherever there is a social group to be governed—in trade unions, in clubs, in boys' gangs, in the Four Hundred, in the Socialist Party. It is an accretion of power around a centre of influence, cemented by patronage, graft, favor, friendship, loyalties, habits—a human grouping, a natural pyramid."

Miss Jane Addams and Mr. Lincoln Steffens have borne powerful testimony to the true sources of the popularity of the corrupt ward-boss when compared with the rigor of the law or the abstract enthusiasm of the "reformer." It largely consists in a generous allowance for the weaknesses, the foibles, the errors and vices of "human nature," a tendency to regard them as misfortunes and to ease their consequences. Mixed up with a good deal of greed and of highly indiscriminate charity, it is anathema to the theorist of democracy and to the citizens of superior education who enter politics "with the good of the people at heart." Now Mr. Lippmann makes a deeper and a more profitable analysis of this situation than we have seen elsewhere. The trouble in politics is that the State and its apparatus of government are out of gear with the human nature that they pretend to "run." It is partly, of course, that constitutions and laws, however well adapted to the "circumstances" of the times when they were made, become stiff and obsolete. But this is in a measure unavoidable in all "institutions." A far graver charge is that of the failure of statesmen to take a true account of human nature. Mr. Graham Wallas has pointed out how injurious is a theory or a policy concerned with improving or perfecting laws and institutions, which fail to take proper account of the feelings, ideas, and capabilities of the human material involved in the working of these laws and institutions. The general result of ignoring the actual springs of conduct has been to legislate for lay figures, standard men falsely simplified in their motives and over-rational in their powers of inference. Both the opportunism and the rarer idealism of statesmen have erred from lack of comprehension of the many-minded people. When authority came from on high, and obedience on the part of the governed was absolute and automatic, it mattered less. But education and democracy have given freer play to the desires and values of the individual, and laws in order to be effective must take account of them.

Though the recognition of this truth has not gone far to make our statesmen "social psychologists," it does induce them to "put their ears to the ground." Unfortunately, the performance of this electioneering trick does not go far towards constructive statecraft. That art demands a wider, deeper, and wiser attitude towards "human

nature" than is at all common among respectably brought-up persons. The State, as Mr. Lippmann sees it (though his picture is not equally applicable to all European States), is too much concerned with prohibitive "taboos," too little with the free provision of opportunities, for individuals to "realise" their aims and impulses. The most interesting portion of his book is the illustration of this thesis in the realm of "social reform." Ordinary "human nature" contains, blended inextricably with finer and more generous motives, lust, pugnacity, cunning, pride, acquisitiveness, and other qualities which, often fretting against the barriers of ordinary civilised life, break out into vice or crime. Such are the drunkenness, prostitution, gambling, sweating, thieving, swindling, which good government desires to stamp out. It fails to do so, and, chafing against each failure, devises fresh prohibitions, and sets more inspectors, judges, jailers, and police to enforce them.

Now, "human nature" resents this treatment, and everywhere defies or evades the "taboos." The big business men set the example. The law tells them they shall not "combine," that they shall not discriminate in prices, and shall obey various regulations which interfere with profitable trade. They spike the law with crafty amendments, dodge it with subterfuges, and defend their dodges in the courts where they have put their friends as judges. And so it is with the other regulations which come into conflict with the lusts, passions, and prejudices of ordinary citizens. The laws will not work, or are distorted into means of graft; money or "pull" purchases immunity. Mr. Lippmann takes for his crucial example the Report of the Chicago Commission on Vice, pointing out the futility of its elaborate recommendations of inspection and prohibition for repressing all irregular expressions of the sexual impulse. "Had the Commission worked along democratic lines, we should have had recommendations about the hygiene and early training of children, their education, the houses they live in and the streets in which they play; changes would have been suggested in the industrial conditions they face; plans would have been drawn for recreation; hints would have been collected for transmuting the sex impulse into art, into social endeavor, into religion. This is the constructive approach to the problem." The pretence of dealing with the various expressions of so elemental and passionate an impulse without the least attempt to comprehend its meaning, or to supply "moral equivalents" that shall utilise forces to which Nature assigns supreme significance, is, perhaps, the most striking instance of the deficiency of social methods as applied by well-meaning reformers. The trouble in America, as here, is attributable in large measure to a spirit in which morality and conduct are conceived as acts of self-suppression rather than of self-expression. At the back of this habit of thought and feeling is a lingering belief that desire and impulse belong to an "original sin" which it is the prime business of education and of government to suppress and eradicate. Now, a true science and art of politics must start neither by approving nor by reproaching, but by accepting human nature.

"To accept that nature does not mean that we accept its present character. It is probably true that the impulses of men have changed very little within recorded history. What has changed enormously from epoch to epoch is the character in which these impulses appear. The impulses that at one period work themselves out into cruelty and lust, at another produce the richest values of civilised life. The statesman can affect that choice. His business is to provide fair opportunities for the expression of human impulses—to surround childhood, youth, and age with homes and schools, cities and countryside, that shall be stocked with interest and the chance for generous activity."

It will be a long time before a conscious statecraft rises to the magnitude of this demand. For this reason, strikes, agitations, even insurrection and the violence of social conflict will continue to be necessary as supplementary to the orderly operation of laws and institutions. So long as this is so, it is idle to inveigh against class wars, syndicalism, and the cruder forms of revolutionism,

and to expose the irrationality of such procedure. For though they may put on the semblance of rationalism, and parade as "Scientific Socialism," or what not, their strength is that of an impassioned but not wholly blind insurgency—a cruel and a wasteful mode of progress, but the only way until statecraft has become a creative art.

ON FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

If Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province of Westphalia, and consequently of all the earth, could be invited to explain why in this best of all possible worlds the blot of Russia exists, we can guess what his answer would be. It is, of course, to remind the human race by a living example of the terrors which in the course of centuries it has escaped. We are a little apt to forget what it means to have won freedom of thought. There comes the salutary reminder this week. The Holy Synod, with the special approval of the Tsar, has just decided to burn four unpublished manuscripts of Tolstoy's, which embody his final reflections on the Gospels. One imagines these holy men going home, each to his well-guarded palace, and regretting, as he acknowledges the reverence of the agents of the secret police stationed at his door, that he came into the world too late to burn the Gospels themselves. While they exist, there is always a haunting risk that some other heretic may dare to read their meaning. Some passages are so provokingly clear. When one reflects that a race which is second to none in Europe for the audacity of its genius, a race which makes a more daring use of the intellectual liberty which is denied it than most civilised peoples do of a freedom assured for generations, it seems something less than an inevitable piece of good fortune that somehow, amid the wars of creeds and the alternating persecution of religions, Western Europe should have forbidden its governments to interfere with opinion. If anything in history is accidental there is here some element of luck. If Protestantism had wholly triumphed over Catholicism, or if Protestantism itself had not been split into warring sects, it is quite conceivable that the full recognition of free thought might have been delayed in the West by some centuries. Russia stands outside the general course of European history, mainly because she escaped the horrors and the illumination of the war between the Reformation and the Papacy. That war brought toleration, as weariness succeeds fanaticism. It is true that toleration, in the strict sense of the word, is a sorry apology for liberty, whether of religion or speculation. Tom Paine's comment is eminently just, when he said that toleration is not the opposite of intolerance, but its counterfeit, and jested fairly when he asked us to conceive our feelings, if a Bill were brought in "to tolerate or grant liberty to the Almighty to receive the worship of a Jew or a Turk." Majorities grant superbly or with arrogance the concessions which time establishes as rights. Toleration was, for practical purposes, a sufficient instalment of liberty, and this we owe to those internecine wars of Christian sects, which Russia, unluckily for posterity, escaped.

The Comtist notion of venerating the names of great men on appointed days of the calendar is an inadequate way of keeping green our debt to history, because it implies too personal a reading of the process by which the foundations of civilisation have been laid. The best way of recollecting history is, after all, to read it. There is more than one good study of the decay of persecution and the rise of free thought, but there is nothing at all comparable in its scope to the unflinching and uncompromising "History of Freedom of Thought" which Professor Bury has just contributed to the Home University Library. Written with the simplicity and directness which this admirable series encourages, it shows none of the affected moderation, none of the veiling of plain facts which is the besetting sin of writers who have to deal with a delicate theme before a popular audience. Professor Bury sketches very briefly the records of religious persecution, deals more fully with the

rise of the conception of liberty, and concludes with a full and outspoken study of the recent history and the present prospects of free thought. It is a wonderfully clear and readable essay; spirited, straightforward, and evidently the spontaneous outpouring of a mind so full of its subject that it paused for no special study before it wrote. The battle of free thought seems permanently won in the Western world, so far at least as the avowed action of governments is concerned. We should have said ourselves that it had been won in the world of theory considerably earlier than Professor Bury allows. Spinoza, not to mention Kant, states the presupposition of the uniformity of natural phenomena as clearly and absolutely as John Stuart Mill, to whom he ascribes it, and Godwin, for one, stated the general case for unrestricted freedom of opinion as firmly as Mill and with more eloquence and vigor. For something more than a century, the practical question in the leading nations of the civilised world has been, not so much the freedom of inquiry, as the freedom of propaganda. From the middle of the eighteenth century onwards, learned men who wrote for a limited circle of readers had said, with some disguises and affected reticences which only gave a piquancy to their style, pretty much what they chose to say alike in religious and in political speculation. The recent history of persecution is concerned with the attempts to popularise inquiry.

It is said that Pitt, discussing in the Privy Council the weighty question whether Godwin should be prosecuted for writing "Political Justice," with its elaborate attacks on every accepted institution from monarchy to marriage, and its bold argument for anarchistic communism, decided to leave him unmolested on the ground that working men "would not read a three-guinea book who had not three shillings to spare." If Paine was outlawed and his booksellers imprisoned for circulating a book much less subversive than Godwin's, it was because he wrote for the multitude, and sold his explosive wares at a price which even a Paisley weaver could pay. The governing class had its own frankly cynical theory on this matter. No one dreamed of interfering with Shaftesbury or Bolingbroke when they taught an academic deism in refined essays. They were read by their peers. It was quite another matter when a man of the people addressed the people in a language they could understand. When Paine's aggressive Deism and his militant Republicanism began to be debated in village ale-houses, toleration crumbled away. His was an armed logic. It had already driven King George's armies from one continent. Pitt was too prudent a man to tolerate its highly practical syllogisms in another. The statesman was in this matter hardly more reactionary than the mass of eighteenth-century philosophers. The eighteenth century thought, on the whole, with the Roman Empire that free thought was the esoteric privilege of one class and one sex. Even Voltaire did not desire a general enlightenment, and Rousseau elaborated the theory and practice of salutary delusions. Dogmas and mythologies, sacerdotal mysteries, and all the terrors and pains of the afterworld were jealously retained by these illuminati for women and children and the unlettered masses. The ideal of a general enlightenment hardly dawned on any mind until the eve of the French Revolution, and one may doubt whether it found any expression in European literature until Condorcet wrote, in 1779, his famous essay on "Whether it is useful for men to be deceived," in response to a question set by the Berlin Academy. That debate, hotly pursued for some years, as the great democratic upheaval approached (ignored, by the way, in Professor Bury's sketch), was the real starting-point of the modern theory of freedom of thought. It resulted at last in the clear definition of an ideal of progress. If men were to run a generous race towards perfectibility, every class, every race, and both sexes must share in the spread of enlightenment. The task called for every talent. To leave any part of the people unenlightened was not merely to defraud it of its right to knowledge and to condemn it to be a race of dwarfs, it was also to entrench the privileged class, and notably the priests, in the assumptions and authority which are the worst obstacles to free

inquiry. For the men of the revolution had two motives when they urged a universal enlightenment. They meant to raise the masses to their full human stature. They also meant to make an end once for all of priestcraft. They saw that a Church which had never scrupled to fetter science and to attack the work even of learned men who wrote for a restricted circle, would still be in a position to reassert its authority, if it had an ignorant democracy behind it. Nor did the finer minds among them fail to see that the constant practice of deception, the deliberate sinking for egoistic reasons of the masses who served them in ignorance and delusion, must soon make breaches in the character of the governing class itself.

In the field of politics, the theory and practice of salutary delusions has died a rapid and final death. Democracy and the extension of the franchise made a fatal end to it. Even Robert Lowe at last confessed that "we must educate our masters." That perception meant the admission of the working classes even to the debates upon the fundamentals of social organisation. The bitterest enemy of Socialism to-day is constrained to meet its propaganda, not by repression, but by argument. The case for a liberty no less popular and no less complete in theological discussion has been less generally and less fully conceded. In England, throughout the 'seventies of last century, when the mind of the country was bent as it never was before or has been since on the controversy between science and authority, no one dreamed of fettering Huxley or Matthew Arnold. It was Bradlaugh at his street corner who felt the arm of the law. The recent revival of the prosecution of obscure persons for blasphemy is a warning that this spirit is not yet wholly dead. These lapses are stupid aberrations which mean singularly little. The old argument for salutary delusions has crumbled at two of its props. It was mainly the fear that the masses would slide into moral licence if the dread of eternal punishment were withdrawn which caused the eighteenth-century philosophers to hesitate to disturb their useful delusions. Eternal punishment is a weapon which the sternest moralist can use no longer. The theologians themselves have knocked it from his hands. But a calmer view has made most people sceptical on the larger issue whether creed has any appreciable effect upon conduct. The clinching argument for unrestricted discussion is one which should appeal as powerfully to the believer as to the sceptic. Without it, no belief at all is possible. In a society which dare not face or debate ultimate questions, there is neither belief nor disbelief. Hardly venturing to doubt, shrinking altogether from a conclusion, reining in their minds from probing and questioning and argument, men do not effectively believe. They merely refuse to speculate. The fear of prison no longer operates to make this mental lethargy, with its equal paralysis of reason and of faith. It is social pressure which still in some measure produces it. Wherever a Church, entrenched in the respectabilities, can stifle debate, the result is neither the triumph of Christianity nor the defeat of Atheism. It is simply the cessation of thought.

THE LAUREATE RECLUSE.

It was a deeply natural choice or a fine stroke of fortune that set the home of Mr. Robert Bridges upon some woodland hill near Oxford. In our imagination (for we only imagine it) the house stands long and straight, two stories high, built of the yellowish local stone just touched with grey; the windows square, the roof straight as the house, the walls free as the Parthenon from all spikes and twists and nooks and nonsense, free also from encumbering creepers that would blur the firm outline of a lasting masonry. So we see it stand, overlooking long fields of hay and corn, surrounded and half-hidden by elms, now heavy with July. Between the elms a gleam of water reveals where the Thames or one of her tributaries flows; and over their summits in the valley, one may discern, not too far removed, some spire or dome of that adorable and dreaming city which, like a

mother, links each generation so intimately, so inextricably with the past.

Even to many who have sense for the finest forms of utterance, this poet has long stood as the shadow of a great name, the image of a secluded and fugitive personality. Many of late have set out to seek him in imagination upon those self-same hills where once the Scholar-gipsy was sought; and in fancy they too:—

"Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark, vague eyes, and soft abstracted air."

So we may picture him, like the Scholar-gipsy, seen by the housewife at some homestead in Cumnor hills, or by the threshers in the barns, or by blackbirds on the skirts of Bagley Wood, "waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall." In mind and body, as in place, we imagine him to resemble that earlier, haunting soul, and when we catch a glimpse of his elusive spirit, it is with the same sense of discovery.

We make discovery of a beautiful and haunting ghost, emanating from the past, but now, perhaps, immortally inhabiting the secluded region to which its affections so tightly cling. That seclusion, we know from the poems, was a deliberate choice—as deliberate as the Scholar-gipsy's when he turned from the festal light of Christ Church hall to the straw of some sequestered grange. In the most directly personal of his verses—the "Recollections of Solitude"—he has told us of the "dull laborious ways," the "unbeauteous paths of woe and dreary abodes" which he was once compelled to tread, even there finding the one delight of lonely thought. "Ah!" he cries:—

"Ah! o'er that smoky town who looketh now,
By winter sunset from the dark hill-brow,
Under the dying trees exultingly
Nursing the sting of human tragedy?
Or in that little room upstairs'd so high,
Where London's roofs in thickest huddle lie,
Who now returns at evening to entice
To his fireside the joys of Paradise?"

Even in spite of such consolations as these, he turned from the crowd to those woodland hills. "Far sooner would I choose," he writes:—

"Far sooner would I choose
The life of brutes that bask,
Than eat myself a task
Which inborn powers refuse:
And rather far enjoy
The body, than invent
A duty, to destroy
The ease which Nature sent."

Later in the same poem of "Spring," he continues:—

"But like a truant freed,
Fly to the woods, and claim
A pleasure for the deed
Of my inglorious name."

His name is no longer inglorious. For many years it has stood like a shade of greatness. But knowledge of his work has remained peculiarly seclusive. We suppose his readers have chiefly been the people who know the Shakespeare Sonnets by heart, and who love the exquisite verse of Milton's little-read contemporaries. Of all Sonnet sequences do not the sixty-nine on "The Growth of Love" come nearest to the Shakespearean, both in their beauty and in their peril of conceits? Of queer conceits, as in the verse beginning,

"O my life's mischief, once my love's delight,
That drew'st a mortgage on my heart's estate."

And the lyrics, how often they call up thoughts of Donne or Crashaw or Cowley or Henry Vaughan! But, of all our poets, he appears to us to come nearest to Landon, himself so seclusive, so great in name, and so unfamiliar. Like Landon, Mr. Bridges dines late, and his company is few, but select. Like Landon in deeper essence, he is profoundly influenced by Greek thought and forms. He dwells much with ancient gods and men. He is strict, and follows the acknowledged and admitted lines. He writes a kind of marble language. Everyone praises his "restraint." But he is exuberant in production, and, like Landon, he contrives to infuse an

underflush of passion into the clear-cut lines of marble's language. Everyone knows the triolet beginning:—

"When first we met we did not guess
That love would prove so hard a master."

And one may compare it with Landon's yet more beautiful six lines, "There is a mountain and a wood between us." But less familiar, more beautiful, and equally like Landon at his finest, is the lyric we may quote in full:—

"So sweet seemed love that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change."

"But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be."

"And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all."

"His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet."

Sometimes, again like Landon, he holds our wonder by revealing depths of passion unsuspected. A sudden light reveals them, as in the comparison of himself with Adam when Eve was rent from his body (Sonnet 59); or in the great lyric, "I will not let thee go"; or in that superb "Elegy on the Bride"; or in "Pater Filio," reckoning the perils that surround the son by the measure of his own disaster; or, again, in an Elegy—that most beautiful Elegy—"On a Dead Child." If the critics think that in such poems he touches a human and lasting passion beyond Landon's reach, no one need raise controversy about two great minds; and, in any case, we would not run the comparison hard. From time to time, in some accuracy of description—some sudden vision of England with her valleys, downs, and trees—we feel again the spirit of Tennyson. Take the last three verses from an unnamed lyric upon the Channel after a gale is spent:—

"The snow-white clouds he northward chased
Break into phalanx, line, and band:
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland."

"From distant hills their shadows creep,
Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea."

"And sail and sail far out of sight,
But still I watch their fleecy trains,
That piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains."

How exact, how easy and simple! Escaping as by magic the judgment pronounced by the poet himself upon "mediocrity pushed to perfection." Thus, with the inexplicable magic of perfection, our Laureate Scholar-gipsy has sung of England's seas and rivers and woodland hills; of her downs and hayfields and corn. He has sung also of departed Greece and her beautiful gods and men, unencumbered by our present toils. In deeper tones he has sung the passions that seem permanent among mankind—passions of joy and sorrow in love, parentage, and death. He has tightened the cords that bind us so intimately, so inextricably with the vanished past. He has shown a present beauty that daily vanishes, and the powers of emotions that will not vanish while the world lasts. He has sometimes revealed gleams of those "bright shoots of everlastingness" which Wordsworth's predecessor, Henry Vaughan, remembered in boyhood.

It is a great achievement, possible perhaps only for a deliberate recluse. But there are others who cannot thus seclude themselves. Even among woodland hills and silver tributaries that reflect those dreaming spires, they hear far away the buzz and clank of a different world, and see rivers running black. Far away from Cumnor and the Oxford bells, swarming populations wake to the "bull" and "buzzer." The streets clatter

with hurrying feet; day and night the machinery hums and clashes; iron flows sparkling in sandy beds; the perforated hills smoke and flare like new volcanoes; trees die of poisoned air. Far away, as though possessed by incalculable demons, perturbed and crowding droves of men and women fling their lives violently down for purposes that to the recluse seem foolishness; and to and fro in those very lands that once were haunts meet for the gods themselves, murderous hosts are trampling, fires blaze, and unpeopled deserts remain for their possession. We may meditate the past, but something urgent is now upon us; we may look for beauty, but behold! a cry. Restlessly on every side, shadowy forms are seen stirring, rising up, intruding upon the ancient peace, and their obstinate questionings will not be silenced. In irresistible tones another age is announcing itself, and through other voices it will find utterance for new desires, new hopes and passions. But from this harsh and conquering intrusion, the scholar poet whom we have justly crowned will fly—fly like that "grave Tyrian trader" who, at the sight of the intruding, conquering Greeks, held on indignantly over the Midland waters to where the Atlantic raves outside the Western Straits.

WHY ARE VILLAGES SLEEPY?

AN American Professor has recently propounded the question, "Why is Chester sleepy?" and answered it by a reference to the tablets placed in the Cathedral to the memory of the young men killed in the South African War. There is much food for reflection here. We remember being profoundly impressed by a passage in Michelet—it occurs in a footnote—on the effect of the Napoleonic Wars on the physique of the French people. We believe we are right in saying that he states that they took a foot from the average Frenchman's stature. Michelet was a great romantic poet—there is no romance known to us so enthralling as his "History of France"—and, like most poets, also a hard-headed, practical man, poetry being nothing but the flower of common-sense, and the misfortunes of poets for the most part due to the collision of common-sense with a foolish environment. At any rate, he clearly saw the absurdity of the heaping up of this pyramid of skulls. What is so appalling about it is the waste of human faculties and capabilities involved—the mowing down of so many possible finders of new continents, conquerors of new elements, singers of new songs, the lads who in such countless ways might have extended and deepened the life of the world. These orgies of destruction dwarf and stunt mankind, and leave a legacy of stagnation behind them.

Mr. Allan Fea's new book, "Quiet Roads and Sleepy Villages" (Eveleigh Nash), has moved us to ask a similar question. Why are the villages sleepy? Why are they stagnant, lifeless places of at most an antiquarian interest, where the picturesque tourist, like Mr. Fea, wanders about looking, often in vain, for the church-key? There can be no doubt of the answer. It is because the best young men all go away. There is no inducement for them to remain. The country-side is continually being drained of its best blood.

The reason villages are sleepy, we repeat, is because the farm laborers are wretchedly paid, miserably housed, and insufficiently fed. We confess to some impatience in reading in the daily press of a prize won by a farm laborer and his wife at the Lincoln Agricultural Show for bringing up a large family on low wages. People should not be encouraged to do this; they should be incited to demand higher wages. It was not stated what the prize was; possibly a sovereign. It was won by bringing up fifteen children on fifteen shillings a week. Eighteen children were born to the couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Newton, but three of them lie in the churchyard. Of the fifteen living, the youngest is twenty. "They have never been able to afford a holiday," says the "Daily Mirror" enthusiastically, "but still are able to say, 'We have nothing to grumble at.'" In our own humble opinion, they have a very great deal to grumble

at indeed. The encouragement of acquiescence in this state of things by prizes and the publishing of laudatory accounts in illustrated newspapers appears to us deplorable. Mrs. Newton, the *rosière* of the Lincoln Agricultural Show, relating her experiences to a "Daily Mirror" young man, told him that her husband had formerly worked as a horse-keeper from 4 a.m. to 7 p.m.—that is, fifteen hours a day. Fifteen hours a day, fifteen shillings a week, fifteen children! "We have had many hard times"—one recognises the tone of spurious contentment—"but we have never had parish relief, and my husband has never been out of work for a day. Many is the time that things have been so bad with us that we have had bread only for our meals, and could not even afford dripping. At other times we have had to sit down to a basin of gruel for dinner. You see, with so many to feed, even bread alone took a lot out of fifteen shillings a week. A loaf costing fivepence ha'penny used to go at one meal." If the day ever comes when these people, fed on gruel and bread with or without dripping, are called on to defend their hearths and homes—we ask our Imperialist friends to consider the point—they will probably put up a very poor fight.

We ourselves live in a particularly prosperous neighborhood, but we daily see the effect of the bread and dripping *régime* on the people. A living skeleton of a poor little white-faced boy daily calls for the last-named comestible at the writer's house. "What do you have for breakfast?" we asked him recently. "Bread and drippin'." "And what for dinner?" "Bread and drippin'." "And what for tea?" "Bread and drippin'." Then we don't eat all the butter up so." "Do you ever have any meat?" "Sundays, we do—Father and Mother has a little bit Saturday night. And," here the distant glimpse of a beatific vision lighted up the wan, pinched face, "Sunday mornin', we has sausages." This boy is one of a family of five; four children going to school, and a baby, all skeletons. One of the little girls told us lately with great pride—either elated by the prospect of a speedy release from school, or inspired by the gloomy satisfaction so often felt by the poor in the possession of some mysterious ailment—"Doctor says I sha'n't last six months." The mother of these children works in the fields, and consequently the baby—a winning little chap, with the same white face and a red birth-mark on his cheek—is left all day with a neighbor who keeps a kind of *crèche*. She charges three shillings a week for looking after him. When he sees his brothers and sisters pass in the road, he falls into a rigid fit of homesick screaming. The *crèche*-keeper, herself a desperately driven woman, recently ran at a little girl, who had dropped the baby she was nursing, and almost severed one of her fingers with a knife. The school-going children, in their own mother's absence, eat their dinners in this cottage. "The Browns has hot pudden' and taters," they say, "and we has bread and drippin'." It is to be feared that the mother of these children will never be rose-queen of the Lincoln Agricultural Show. Unlike the Newtons, she sometimes takes a holiday. She recently went on a day's excursion to Scarborough, the fare alone costing five shillings. To people in her circumstances, such indulgences are fatal. In our own opinion, much harm results from the practice of women working in the fields. The men should be paid enough to render it unnecessary.

Under these conditions, the English villagers are quite visibly deteriorating. The prevalent anemia is shown in nothing more clearly than in the kind of English they talk. There is, moreover, an utter want of blitheness in the tones of the rustic voice. Board School teachers no doubt inculcate a very lifeless and colorless English. We were interrogating a class of children the other day on the story of Joseph, and were told by them that the brothers told their father "a story," and said that Joseph had been "killed by an animal." To say "a lie" and "a wild beast" would be considered indelicate. But, apart from this, the bread and dripping diet must be as devitalising to language as to everything else. The old-fashioned popular English ridiculed by novelists was a capital language. "Crow-

ner's 'Quest,' for instance, is quite as good as "Coroner's Inquest," just as "crown" is quite as good as "corona," and more English. In reading Mr. Eden Phillpotts's novel, "Widdicombe Fair," we were lately impressed by the fact that many of the decaying inhabitants of these moribund villages come of excellent stock; they are Drakes, Hookers, Jewels, and the like. We ourselves remember an old farm laborer and his wife named Pusey. They came from Berkshire. "My husband's is a very old Berkshire family," the wife told us, "one of them was a very high gentleman indeed." No doubt the same blood ran in the veins of this poor unlettered old man—he was unable to read—as in those of the great Saint and Doctor of the English Church. One can easily imagine the steps by which old-fashioned, home-keeping country people, conservative, unable to adapt themselves to changed times and conditions, fearful of trying their fortunes in the great outside world, might come to labor on the lands which had once been their own. There may be descendants of the Plantagenets behind the plough. But at the present day the bright boys all go away. A lad who has reached the mental level indicated by, say, the ability to play chess, is not going to work on the land for fifteen shillings a week. He goes to Canada, he goes to the States. The pick of the young men go away—that is why the villages are sleepy.

We lately went a railway journey with an enthusiastic Imperialist lady globe-trotter. She talked of Toronto and Johannesburg, of Adelaide and Melbourne. *Inter alia*, she asked if our particular church was ever full. We innocently replied that it had been full on the occasion of the King's Coronation. "What a beautiful Imperialistic thought!" she exclaimed. "What a wonderful Imperialistic journey the King and Queen have been making in Lancashire!" she went on, and then proceeded to develop the theory that the King, when Prince of Wales, had been gifted with a species of Divine Inspiration. She quoted largely from a letter which had appeared in the "Times" at the conclusion of the Boer War, on the theme of "Wake up, England!" Well, England needs waking up, not to the need of more armaments or the virtues of conscription, but to the scandal and the danger of the fact that great masses of her people, engaged in the most vital of all industries, should be miserably paid, miserably housed, miserably fed. Dr. Neale, in a beautiful ballad, looked forward to the time when England would wake to find her truest wealth in the prayers and holy deeds of her martyrs. A day may perhaps come when she will see her truest wealth in her men. The "Daily Express," in its facetious way, has lately taken to spelling "Liberalism" with the conventional initial of Libra = £. We commend the suggestion to Mr. Lloyd George. A Liberalism so spelt would hold out a golden hope to the half-starved tillers of the soil. They want and need more money, and more of all that money brings. This given, a time might come when the villages would no longer be sleepy, stagnant peep-holes into the past, but once more blithe little townships humming with activity and the joy of life.

Short Studies.

UN BOCK BRUN.

It was now his custom to sit there. The world has its habits, why should a man not have his? The earth rolls out of light and into darkness as punctually as a business man goes to and from his office: the seasons come with the regularity of automata, and go as if they were pushed by an ejector. So, night after night, he strolled from the Place de l'Observatoire to the Pont St. Michel and, on the return journey, sat down at the same Café, if he could manage it, at the same table, and ordered the same drink.

So regular had his attendance become that the waiter would suggest the order before it was spoken. He did not drink beer because he liked it, but only because

it was not a difficult thing to ask for. Always he had been easily discouraged, and he distrusted his French almost as much as other people had reason to. The only time he had varied the order was to request "un vin blanc gommé," but he had been served on that occasion with a postage stamp for twenty-five centimes, and he still wondered when he remembered it.

He liked to think of his first French conversation. He wanted something to read in English, but was timid of asking for it. He walked past all the newspaper kiosks on the Boulevard, anxiously scanning the vendors inside—they were usually very stalwart, very competent females, who looked as though they had outgrown their sins but remembered them with pleasure. They had the dully-polished, slightly-battered look of a modern antique. The words, "M'sieu, Madame," rang from them as from bells. They were very alert, sitting, as it were, on tiptoe, and their eyes hit one as one approached. They were like spiders squatting in their little houses waiting for their daily flies. He found one who looked jolly and harmless, sympathetic indeed, and to her, with a flourished hat, he approached—Said he, "Donnez-moi, Madame, s'il vous plaît, le Daily Mail." At the second repetition the good lady smiled at him, a smile compounded of benevolence and comprehension, and instantly, with a "V'la M'sieu," she handed him "The New York Herald." They had saluted each other, and he marched down the road in delight, with his first purchase under his arm and his first conversation accomplished.

At that time everything had delighted him. The wide, well-lighted boulevard, the concierges knitting in their immense doorways, each looking like a replica of the other, each seeming sister to a kiosk-keeper or a cat. The exactly-courteous speech of the people and their not quite so rigorously courteous manners pleased him. He listened to the voluble men who went by speaking in a haste so breathless that he marvelled how the prepositions and conjunctions stuck to their duty in so swirling an ocean of chatter. There was a big black dog with a mottled head who lay nightly on the pavement opposite the Square de l'Observatoire. At intervals he raised his lean skull from the ground, and composed a low lament to an absent friend. His grief was respected. The folk who passed stepped sideways for him, and he took no heed of their passage. A lonely, introspective dog, to whom a caress or a bone were equally childish things: "Let me alone," he seemed to say, "I have my grief, and it is company enough." There was the very superior cat, who sat on every window-ledge winking at life. He (for in France all cats are masculine by order of philology) did not care a rap for man or dog, but he liked women, and permitted them to observe him.

Good manners decreed that he should not stare too steadfastly, and he was one who obeyed these delicate dictates. Alas! he was one who obeyed all dictates. For him authority wore a halo, and many sins which his heyday ought to have committed had been left undone, only because they were not sanctioned by immediate social usage. He was often saddened when he thought of the things he had not done. It was the only sadness to which he had access, because the evil deeds which he had committed were of so tepid and hygienic a character that they could not be mourned for without hypocrisy, and now that he was released from all privileged restraints and overlookings and could do whatever he wished, he had no wish to do anything.

His wife had been dead for over a year. He had hungered, he had prayed for her death. He had hated that woman (and for how many years!) with a kind of masked ferocity. How often he had been tempted to kill her or to kill himself! How often he had dreamed that she had run away from him, or that he had run away from her! He had invented Russian Princes, and Music Hall Stars, and American Billionaires with whom she could adequately elope, and he had both loved and loathed the prospect. What unending, slow quarrels they had together! How her voice had droned pitilessly on his ears! She in one room, he in another, and through an open door there rolled that unending recitation of woes and reproaches; an interminable catalogue

of nothings, while he sat dumb as a fish, with a mind that smouldered or blazed. He had stood unseen with a hammer, a poker, a razor in his hand, on tip-toe to do it. A movement, a rush, one silent rush, and it was done! He had revelled in her murder. He had caressed it, rehearsed it, relished it, had jerked her head back, and hacked, and listened to her entreaties bubbling through blood! And then she died! When he stood by her bed he had wished to taunt her, but he could not do it. He read in her eyes: "I am dying, and in a little time I shall have vanished like dust on the wind, but you will still be here, and you will never see me again." He wished to ratify that, to assure her that it was actually so, to say that he would come home on the morrow night, and she would not be there, and that he would return home every night, and she would never be there. But he could not say it. Somehow, the words, although he desired them, would not come. His arm went to her neck and settled there. His hand caressed her hair, her cheek. He kissed her eyes, her lips, her languid hands, and the words that came were only an infantile babble of regrets and apologies, assurances that he did love her, that he had never loved anyone before, and would never love anyone again.

Everyone who passed looked into the Café where he sat. Everyone who passed looked at him. There were men with sallow faces and wide, black hats. Some had hair that flapped about them in the wind, and from their locks one gathered, with some distaste, the spices of Araby. Some had cravats that fluttered and fell, and rose again like banners in a storm. There were men with severe, spade-shaped, most responsible-looking beards, and quizzical little eyes which gave the lie to their hairy sedateness—eyes which had spent long years in looking sideways as a woman passed. There were men of every stage of foppishness. Men who had spent so much time on their moustaches that they had only a little left for their fingernails, but their moustaches exonerated them. Others who were coated to happiness, trousered to grotesqueness, and booted to misery. He thought—In this city the men wear their own coats, but they all wear some one else's trousers, and their boots are syndicated.

He saw no person who was self-intent. They were all deeply conscious, not of themselves, but of each other. They were all looking at each other. They were all looking at him, and he returned the severe, or humorous, or appraising gaze of each with a look nicely proportioned to the passer, giving back exactly what was given to him, and no more. He did not stare, for nobody stared. He just looked and looked away, and was as mannerly as was required.

A negro went by arm in arm with a girl who was so sallow that she was only white by courtesy. He was a bulky man, and as he bent over his companion, it was evident that to him she was whiter than the snow of a single night.

Women went past in multitudes, and he knew the appearance of them all. How many times he had watched them or their duplicates striding and mincing and bounding by, each moving like an animated note of interrogation! They were long, and medium, and short. There were women of a thinness beyond comparison, sheathed in skirts as featly as a rapier in a scabbard. There were women of a monumental, a mighty fatness, who billowed and rolled in multitudinous, stormy garments. There were slow eyes that drooped on one as heavily as a hand, and quick ones that stabbed and withdrew, and glanced again appealingly, and slid away cursing. There were some who lounged with a false sedateness, and some who fluttered in an equally false timidity. Some wore velvet shoes without heels. Some had shoes the heels whereof were of such inordinate height that the wearers looked as though they were perched on stilts and would topple to perdition if their skill failed for an instant. They passed, and they looked at him, and from each, after the due regard, he looked away to the next in interminable procession.

There were faces also to be looked at, round, chubby faces, wherefrom the eyes of oxen stared in slow, involved rumination. Long faces that were keener than hatchets,

and as cruel. Faces that pretended to be scornful, and were only piteous. Faces contrived to ape a temperament other than their own. Raddled faces with heavy eyes and rouged lips. Looking at him shyly or boldly, they passed along and turned after a while, and repassed him and turned again in promenade.

He had a sickness of them all. There had been a time when these were among the things he mourned for not having done, but that time was long past. He guessed at their pleasures, and knew them to be without salt. "Life," said he, "is as unpleasant as a plate of cold porridge." Somehow the world was growing empty for him. He wondered was he outgrowing his illusions, or his appetites, or both? The things in which other men took such interest were drifting beyond him, and (for it seemed that the law of compensation can fail) nothing was drifting towards him in recompense. He foresaw himself as a box with nothing inside it, and he thought—It is not through love or fear or distress that men commit suicide, it is because they have become empty: both the gods and the devils have deserted them, and they can no longer support that solemn stagnation. He marvelled to see with what activity men and women played the most savorless of games! With what zest of pursuit they tracked, what petty interests! He saw them as ants scurrying with scraps of straw, or apes that pick up and drop and pick up again, and he marvelled from what fount they renewed themselves or with what charms they exorcised the demons of satiety!

On this night life did not seem worth while. The taste had gone from his mouth: his bock was water vilely colored: his cigarette was a hot stench: and yet a full moon was peeping in the trees along the path; and not far away, where the countryside bowed in silver quietude, the rivers ran through undistinguishable fields chanting their lonely songs, the seas leaped and withdrew, and called again to the stars, and gathered in ecstasy, and roared skywards, and the trees did not rob each other more than was absolutely necessary. The men and women were all hidden away in their cells asleep, where the moon could not see them, nor the clean wind, nor the stars. They were sundered for a little while from their eternal arithmetic. The grasping hands were lying as quietly as the paws of a sleeping dog. Those eyes held no further speculation than the eyes of an ox who lies down. The tongues that had lied all day and been treacherous and obscene and respectful by easy turn said nothing; and he thought it was very good that they were all hidden, and that for a little time the world might swing darkly with the moon in its own wide circle and its silence.

He paid for his bock, gave the waiter a *pourboire*, touched his hat to a lady by sex and a gentleman by clothing, and strolled back to his room that was little, his candle that was three-quarters consumed, and his picture that might be admired when he was dead, but which he would not be praised for painting, and, after sticking his foot through the canvas, he tugged himself to bed, agreeing to commence the following morning just as he had the previous one, and the one before that, and the one before that again.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Drama.

THE ACTING OF CHALIAPINE.

NOT since my remembrance of Salvini do I recall quite so imposing a suggestion of physical force trained to produce the highest effects of art as is conveyed by Chaliapine in "Boris Godounov." Chaliapine's force is singularly restrained; indeed, if it were used up to the full measure of his power it would be insupportable. He cannot be less than six feet four in height; he is of massive and imposing build; his serious face, with its fine eyes, is admirably suited to the expression of tragic emotion. What an Ajax he would make! What a Macbeth! And yet, how conspicuous and grateful a relief from our own school of tragedians, who seek to

represent mental suffering by the most elaborate physical signs (Irving by the fearful contortions of the trial scene of "The Bells," Tree by the perpetual face-play of his "Othello"; or, to take a French example, Bernhardt by her recurring nerve-storms and ecstasies)! Chaliapine, with greater natural gifts than any of these artists, and with a voice of wonderful range and unfailing purity of tone, gives the impression of playing and singing beneath himself, of having at his command unused resources, proceeding from the depth and power of his personality and the richness of his artistic endowment.

But it is this self-command which, though some may take it as an example of Diderot's theory of the "insensibility" of the actor, is really the evidence of the economy of his gifts, as well as of the depth and truth of his conception. His "Boris Godounov," like "Macbeth," is a study of remorse, less subtle than Shakspeare's, but finer and simpler, as Moussorgsky's music is simpler than Wagner's. It is difficult to discover a moral element in Macbeth's conduct after the murder. He is a moral being *before*, but his crime turns him into a hunted man, concerned only to cover up his track and secure his booty. It is his imagination that will not sleep, and horribly peoples with phantoms the air and the very seats of his palace feast. Moussorgsky's Boris is a higher type of criminal, and his trouble reveals the sinner's real tragedy. Remorse is his absorbing passion. He desires not safety from man, but forgiveness from God. But how? He has murdered; and he has the fruits of murder; its excuse was that it was an act of State. His kingdom he still desires for himself and for his people, and he would hand it down to his son. But he is none the less a possessed man. "I see the child, and from his throat drips blood!" he cries; and it is the horror of pity, not of fear, that fills him. "I suffer! I suffer!" is his refrain. "My crime will not leave me. Everything brings it back to me. I must die so as to escape its besetting." Death, indeed, comes to him in the moment of the full revelation that Demetrius, who threatens his throne, is an impostor, and that his victim, the young Tsarevitch, was so thoroughly dead that he had become a saint and a miracle-worker. Macbeth must have rejoiced to realise that his bloody prize was safe, and that not only Duncan slept well, but all Banquo's kin. No such cruel relief is the lot of the more refined Boris; no such suggestion is for a moment conveyed to the audience in the subdued and reticent commentary of Moussorgsky's music.

Chaliapine, therefore, has to represent a character essentially noble, whose parental tenderness is not veiled, as in Lady Macbeth, in a monstrous lust, but shines the more conspicuously against the dark background of his evil deed. How does he figure the piety, the sorrow, of Boris? Chiefly by one gesture, remarkable for its truthfulness. As deep misery seems to contract the heart, so its expression contracts the features, and Chaliapine's face is drawn and wrinkled into a fixed expression of anguish. To this his wonderful voice responds in a deep, low, thrilling intonation, which, I imagine, could be perfectly heard in the remotest corner of the great theatre. There is no monotony in this study of sorrow; for as the play advances its expression becomes more acute, and you see Boris paling and ageing before your eyes. Even his color seems to return as he forces back the emotion which distracts his soul, and becomes a Tsar and a statesman again. Neither is the actor's powerful personality obtruded with the remorseless insistence of our actor-managers, nor allowed to obscure the natural development of the drama or the share which the other artists take in it. When one of our stage luminaries embraces a mere twinkling point of dramatic star-dust he envelopes and annihilates him. Observe the way in which Chaliapine gives full play to each minor artist with whom he is concerned. How remote is this refinement from the egoism which with us poisons the actor's art!

Chaliapine is said to desire to relinquish musical drama, and to devote himself purely to the cultivation of dramatic speech. And there indeed would be an ex-

periment of the utmost interest to the audiences whom his genius has taken by storm. Great statuesque and emotional acting is, indeed, possible to the singer who is something more than a musical rhetorician, as anyone familiar with Van Rooy's playing of Wotan in "Siegfried" can realise. But even Wagner's deeply lined and impressive, and often gloriously poetic, annotation of the "Ring" wearies you at moments, because it fixes the play of emotion, stiffens the artist, deprives him of the free use of his face, hands, body, and, while adding a new, delightful, but distracting appeal, withholds the full effects of eloquent speech, eloquent gesture, and still more eloquent silence. Moussorgsky's music seems just to have caught the beautiful purity and depth that sound through the first bars of the overture to "Lohengrin" and introduced the last generation of Englishmen, sated with the Italian school, to a new world of musical art. But, with all its delicacy of suggestion, it lacks Wagner's force and intellectuality; and the libretto is less adequate still. So that Chaliapine has to be his own interpreter, and to clothe his Boris with the full humanity that these fresh, charming creations of the Russian composers do not quite confer. One would like, therefore, to think of him as a Shakspearean actor, to imagine, for example, what this tremendous man would do in the scene in "Othello," when Salvini rises and for a moment simply looks at Iago, much as Chaliapine as the horsed Ivan looks down at the cowering crowd at his feet. And if that moment comes, may I be there to see!

H. W. M.

Letters from Abroad.

THE DESTRUCTION OF FINLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Answering an interpellation concerning Finland in the Russian Duma on May 18th, 1908, the late M. Stolypin protested that Russia had no wish to violate Finland's rights to autonomy. "In Russia," he added, "might cannot go before right." And two years later, in June, 1910, when the Bill on "the procedure of issuing new laws and ordinances concerning Finland of general Imperial interest" was debated in the Duma, M. Stolypin, in a memorandum appended to the Bill, again admitted that Finland had self-government in its internal affairs, and declared that the Bill did not aim at the destruction of the culture of Finland or at the handing over of Finland to the Russian bureaucracy. The aim of the Russian Government was, as he said in the Council of Empire on June 21st, 1910, only to defend the Imperial interests while respecting the autonomy and the privileges of Finland.

The protests of M. Stolypin did not deceive the Opposition in the Duma nor the supporters of the Government as to the true aim of the new legislation. M. Milyukov, on behalf of the Opposition, pointed out that the above-mentioned Bill involved a complete subversion of the Finnish State, of the constitution of the Grand-Duchy of Finland, and that it did not leave stone upon stone of the existing rights of Finland. And when, after the division in the Duma, the President declared that the Bill was passed, M. Purishkevitch, of the extreme right, shouted: "Finis Finlandiæ!"

That M. Purishkevitch had rightly interpreted the new policy towards Finland, subsequent events have fully proved.

In the beginning of the year 1912 a law conferring on Russian subjects equal rights in Finland with Finnish citizens was, according to the procedure provided by the law of 1910, passed through the Duma and the Council of Empire, and sanctioned by the Tsar. The protest of the Finnish Diet against the violation of the Finnish Constitution, involved in the law of 1910, and the declaration of the Diet that no Finnish official or citizen could lawfully comply with any law that had not been passed according to the Constitution of Finland had no other result than that a provision was introduced in the

law of 1912 to the effect that any person who should oppose its application was to be tried by the District Court of St. Petersburg, and punished under the Russian Penal Code.

The law of 1912 alone can lead to "the destruction of the culture of Finland and the handing over of Finland to the Russian bureaucracy," although that result, according to the solemn assurance of M. Stolypin, was not the aim of the Russian Government. The Finnish officials being, by their duty, bound to act according to the Finnish laws are subjected to the punishment provided by the Russian law. And, in fact, a great many judges and other officials have already been deprived of their office and sentenced to different terms of imprisonment, with disqualification of holding any public office for several years. Others are committed for trial and, if the prosecutions are to be continued, a complete change of the present office-holders cannot be avoided. As a sufficient number of new men cannot, under present circumstances, be found amongst competent Finnish citizens, or if it was possible, would only be dismissed within a short time, the vacancies must be filled chiefly by Russians, who, according to the official interpretation of the law of 1912, are deemed competent to hold public office in Finland. In any West-European State, the idea of appointing to a public office in a country a man who has no knowledge of its laws or of the language of the people would seem to be ridiculous. But for the present Russian Government the principal qualification required from a would-be Finnish official is that he is prepared to carry out, without shirking, any order given to him by his superiors. What does it matter if he has no knowledge of the Finnish laws when the Russian Government does not respect them? And what does it matter if he cannot speak Finnish and Swedish, both the languages of the country? He is not the servant of the public. He is the servant of the Tsar.

Already before the passing of the law of 1912, a Russian lawyer, M. Hozyainov, had been appointed Procurator of the Finnish Senate—i.e., the Chief Prosecutor and the Chief Guardian of the laws of the country. That he happened to know Swedish did not make him fit for his high office, which requires a thorough knowledge of the Finnish laws, entirely different from the Russian laws. A few months ago another Russian lawyer, M. Boroveetinov, who does not know either Finnish or Swedish, was made Vice-President of the Finnish Senate. A Russian captain of engineers has been appointed Director of the Board of Public Buildings, and a great many minor offices have been filled with Russians. But the flood is only beginning. What the state of things will be in Finland when it has swept all over the country can easily be imagined. On the 7th of this month a man, standing in a crowd in the harbor of Helsingfors, felt that his purse was picked from his pocket. He asked at once in Swedish a police-constable close by to arrest the man whom he suspected to be the thief. But although he repeated his request in Finnish, the constable did not move, and the suspected man escaped. Afterwards the robbed man got the explanation of the strange behavior of the constable. The constable was a newly appointed police-officer, who did not understand either Finnish or Swedish. Things like that, which, as yet, are rare, will, in the future, be quite common.

The appointment of Russians to offices in Finland will lead to the introduction of the Russian language in the Finnish offices. A Government Committee in St. Petersburg is now preparing a new "law" to that effect.

In the spring of 1912, the Finnish Pilot-Administration was handed over to the Russian Admiralty. The result was that almost all pilot-officers and more than 60 per cent. of the pilots resigned. The latter were replaced by pilots from the Caspian Sea. The numerous shipping accidents which during the last year have taken place along the Finnish coasts, illustrate better than words the success of this step to promote Imperial interests in suppressing a branch of Finnish self-government.

Further steps towards the destruction of Finland are imminent. A Government Committee in St. Petersburg

has this summer handed over to the Council of Ministers a draft law concerning the separation of a considerable part of the province of Viborg from Finland and its incorporation with Russia. Another Government Committee is preparing the abolition of the Finnish Customs and the introduction of the Russian Customs in Finland. As the Russian Government cannot expect that the Finns should voluntarily submit to all "reforms" which are to be introduced in their country, it has presented to the Duma a Bill, according to which all political offences committed in Finland are to be removed from the jurisdiction of the Finnish Courts, and tried by Russian Courts in St. Petersburg under the Russian criminal code. This Bill has already passed the Judicial Committee of the Duma.

But nowadays it is not possible to denationalise a country by forcible means, especially if that country possesses a higher culture than its oppressor. All the "reforms" introduced or to be introduced by the Russian Government in Finland, which officially aim at a closer union between Russia and Finland, have in fact quite the opposite result. The Finns, who during a century were the most loyal subjects of the Tsar, their Constitutional Grand Duke, cannot sympathise with a Government which deprives them of their rights and tries every means to render their life almost unendurable in Finland. And the Russians, who, in their Finno-phobe newspapers, daily read articles against Finland, begin to look upon Finns as dangerous enemies, prepared to invade St. Petersburg at the first opportunity if a great European war should bring Russia in peril. This reckless agitation in the Russian Finno-phobe press is already bearing ugly fruit in Finland. The Russian soldiers in Finland, who until quite recent times had always behaved irreproachably, seem now to believe that they are in a conquered country, where they are not bound to respect the rights of the natives. Trespassing upon the rights of property, such as cutting down trees in private forests, fishing (often with dynamite) in private waters, poaching, &c., is not uncommon with them. But even felonies, such as rape and murder, have been reported. And a great many officers have lately shown signs of a strange irritability. In the most trifling incidents they see, or pretend to see, insults to themselves or the Russian uniform, and hurry to report those imaginary insults to their superiors, hoping that this mark of zeal will be counted to their favor and get them promotion. It is not long since a Russian officer, passing the Hotel Societetshuset in Helsingfors, felt something from above drop on his uniform. He at once rushed into the restaurant of the hotel, and ordered that three gentlemen, the only occupants of the room, should be arrested on the charge that one of them had spat upon him. They were all, in spite of their indignant protests, taken into custody, when it turned out that the guilty one was a pigeon sitting on the roof of the hotel. As one of the gentlemen happened to be an English Territorial officer, the case ended by the Russian officer tendering his apologies. Other similar incidents could be mentioned, but this one may suffice as illustration.

The Finns are, however, a cool people, and don't easily lose their heads. To all new Russian "laws," as well as to all provocations, they oppose a passive resistance, hoping that the tide will yet turn.—Yours, &c.,

FINLANDER.

Helsingfors, July.

Communications.

FRONTIERS AND FANATICISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Now that the Balkan Allies have turned savagely upon each other and proved, to all that still doubted, that the war of the last six months was one not, as proudly boasted, of Liberation, but of vengeance and plunder, it is time that the fate of the war's innocent victims be considered, and as many as possible saved from further fanatical

oppression. Much may be done by the delimiting of the yet undecided frontiers.

It is time, too, that the foul savagery with which this war has been waged should be made clear; that the public should realise that the real reason why no correspondents and no foreign doctors were admitted to certain districts was because of the brutalities, planned in cold blood beforehand, which were to have no witnesses. A strict censorship was intended to suppress such details as might leak out.

Deliberately planned these brutalities were. Two days before the outbreak of the war, a professor of the Boys' School of Podgoritzta said, gleefully: "Now you'll see plenty of noses!" And, in spite of remonstrances and warnings that such barbarism would alienate European sympathy, he gloated over and defended the filthy custom of mutilating both living and dead. "Our old national way of proving 'junashstvo' (heroism)." About a fortnight afterwards, the little border town of Tuzi, with its large garrison, surrendered. I, the only foreigner, entered next day as agent of the Montenegrin Red Cross, and went straight to the Turkish Military Hospital. Among the crowd of wounded were eight Nizams, whose noses and upper lips had been cut off by Montenegrins, as the Turkish doctor, burning with indignation, declared to me. This peculiarly hideous mutilation, exposing all the teeth and rendering lip-articulation impossible, is the proof of Montenegrin "junashstvo." I reported this that same evening to some of the authorities at Podgoritzta, with very strong comments. The result was that all the newspaper correspondents were held back and not admitted to Tuzi till these unhappy victims had been hidden away; nor, to my regret, did I ever succeed in learning their subsequent fate. They were, of course, never seen among the prisoners brought subsequently to Podgoritzta.

After I had made this discovery, the attitude of the Montenegrin authorities changed towards me, and, without withdrawing my permission to go forwards, all possible difficulties were put in my way.

That these were not isolated cases of mutilation occurring in the first enthusiastic moments of the war I proved by questioning my patients during the twelve weeks' work I did with the sick and wounded in the barracks at Podgoritzta, under the Montenegrin Red Cross. With the exception of a few who had spent ten or twelve years in America or Australia, and who were profoundly disgusted by the savagery of their fellow-countrymen, all either boasted of the number of noses they had taken, or lamented that, having been wounded early in the day, they had taken so few. They described the fun of transfixing a Turk on a bayonet, grasping his moustache, cutting off the coveted morsel, and bidding him go home and show his wives how pretty he was. It was considered, however, more honorable not to leave him alive.

They boasted that between Berane and Ipek they had left few corpses with noses, and had castrated corpses also. The trophies they took to the commander. It should be noted that no foreign correspondent and no foreign doctor was allowed to follow the campaign in Kosovo Vilayet. For all this had been pre-arranged. In September, 1912 (just before the beginning of the war), Prince Danilo stated to an English traveller that he "had sworn to exterminate" the Rugova tribe of Moslem Albanians.

This, I was assured by the newly appointed Secretary of Bijelopolje, was done. "Having defeated them, we made all these gentlemen pass under the sword, and I assure you, mademoiselle, not one remains!" The fate of the women and children, he said, he did not know.

A remarkable fact is that after the capture of the garrison of Tuzi, which surrendered, scarcely any other prisoners were brought into Podgoritzta during the whole six months' campaign. Nor were any Turkish wounded brought into the hospital while I was there. "We cured them all with our bayonets," was the cheerful explanation. One of the Montenegrins who had been twelve years abroad confirmed this. He stated also that he had assisted to bury the corpses of many Montenegrins that had lain unburied for weeks outside Scutari, and that each was as he fell, completely clad. Whereas the Turkish corpses were stripped and plundered by his fellow-countrymen. Outside Scutari two half-naked bodies of Moslems were found, bound with cords and extended, showing that they had been tortured, and they appeared to have died in great agony. Five others were

clearly seen through field-glasses, impaled on poles near the Montenegrin lines.

The war was to be one of terrorism and extermination. Again and again, Montenegrins of all classes declared to me: "There will be no Mohammedan problem when the land is ours." In the districts which they have occupied in Kosovo Vilayet they have been solving the problem by the forcible baptism of women and children. These latter are to be put into Serb schools, forbidden to speak Albanian, and brought up Orthodox. By flogging and otherwise torturing the men and menacing them with death, they have forced many of them to submit to baptism. Many have fled and are scattered in the mountains of Albania. Refugees tell the facts with such earnestness and horror that it is impossible to doubt their reports. Nor, indeed, do the Montenegrins deny them. They are waging a Holy War for the True Faith.

Tsar Ferdinand spoke the truth when he said the war was one of Cross v. Crescent. The Orthodox Cross drips red with the blood of victims. They are not all Moslems. Orthodox fanaticism has not spared the Roman Catholics. Numbers of these, too, have been terrorised—even tortured—into declaring themselves Orthodox. Under threat of death they have been made publicly to sign the Cross in Orthodox fashion. Montenegrins, during their short occupation of Scutari, told Catholics that soon they would have to learn to cross themselves properly. The martyrdom of Padre Palich, who preferred death to apostasy, has been completely proved and admitted by the Montenegrins. Eyewitnesses (and Moslem ones) have testified to the priest's courage.

As for prisoners, many were shot. Twenty-two, who were being brought from Drishti to Podgoritzta, were all deliberately shot down on the way because some tried to escape. A Montenegrin police officer gave me the details. Many others, it was reported to me, were shot as spies—some after having been left bound all through a bitter winter night, with no covering. Their fate was, however, perhaps preferable to that of a lot of the miserable Nizam prisoners from Tuzi, who suffered horribly from exposure. Out of the 15,000 camped near Podgoritzta, the Turkish doctor reported nearly 700 ill. They had, in many cases, neither shirts, drawers, nor socks, no great-coats or blankets all through the winter. All their belongings were looted.

Montenegro began war by falsely swearing to the Catholic tribesmen that she was coming to help them free themselves from the Turkish Government. In no case did any Catholic village offer resistance. They believed themselves to be in safe hands. One instance of this treatment may suffice: Entering the tiny village of Gajtan as "friends," the Montenegrins completely pillaged it—all stores of corn, tobacco, onions, sheep, cattle, and pigs were looted; all clothing and household goods taken. The olive and fruit trees, on which the inhabitants largely depended for a living, were all felled; even fires were lighted on the roots of the olives to ensure their not growing again. The houses were completely torn down; the large cross at the entrance of the territory destroyed; the neighboring church entered and plundered. A flourishing little community, in fact, completely ruined to the cry of "Long live King Nikola!"

Montenegrin savagery unsatisfied, the Governor of Podgoritzta actually forbade the giving of flour to the destitute refugees from the burnt villages near Tuzi, and prohibited the distribution of shirts to the wretched Nizam prisoners who lay dying, half-naked, in most filthy rags, in squalid houses in the Old Town.

But enough! These facts will serve as a sample.

The vital and important question is: Is it right that more victims should be handed over to Orthodox Montenegro's "civilising" methods? The fate of two large Catholic tribes—Hoti and Gruda—is still in the balance. They were not "conquered," as claimed by Montenegro, but admitted the Montenegrins under the false belief (and under false promises) that they came as allies.

Now, filled with fierce and most righteous indignation, these two tribes pray that they may not be divided from their brother tribes, and thrust under the Montenegrin yoke. Bloodshed, in this case, is almost certain to result.

After the events that have taken place, no lover of freedom or justice can wish to see more members of another

race and religion subjected to Montenegrin rule. Forcible Slaving is the Montenegrin's openly avowed intention. Shortly before the surrender of Scutari, a young relative of King Nikola's said to the writer: "You will see that in two years no one will dare speak Albanian in Scutari!"

Scutari has been saved from these tender mercies. Let us hope that the other Albanian territories will be also.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

July 23rd, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FREEDOM OF PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is somewhat surprising that neither in your recent article, "A Plea for a Free Parliament," nor in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's letter, is there any reference to one of the most vital factors of the present Parliamentary situation. In both, stress is laid in varying degree upon the evils of the Cabinet system, the "power to dissolve," the party vote, the Closure, obstruction, &c., but in neither is any definite acknowledgment made of the sheer incapacity of Parliament, as at present constituted, to undertake and to fulfil all the tasks which modern democracy lays upon it. Gladstone, to whom the House of Commons was the very ark of our political liberties, saw this clearly more than a generation ago. In the first of his famous Midlothian speeches, he said:—

"I affirm that strive and labor as you will in office—I speak after the experience of a lifetime, of which a fair portion has been spent in office—I say that strive and labor as you will in Parliament and in office, human strength and human thought are not equal to the ordinary discharge of the calls and duties appertaining to Government in this great, wonderful, and world-wide Empire."—(Edinburgh, November 25th, 1879.)

And in the second of these speeches he amplified this affirmation, and indicated the path towards a remedy. He said:—

"The Parliament is overweighted—the Parliament is almost overwhelmed. If we can take off its shoulders that superfluous weight by the constitution of secondary and subordinate authorities, I am not going to be frightened out of a wise measure of that kind by being told that in that I am condescending to the prejudices of Home Rulers. I will condescend to no such prejudices. I will consent to give to Ireland no principle, nothing that is not to be upon equal terms offered to Scotland and to the different portions of the United Kingdom. But I say that the man who shall devise a machinery by which some portion of the excessive and impossible task now laid upon the House of Commons shall be shifted to the more free and therefore more efficient hands of secondary and local authorities, will confer a blessing upon his country that will entitle him to be reckoned among the prominent benefactors of the land."—(Dalkeith, November 26th, 1879.)

At last—and, as is customary in British politics, a full generation late—a start has been made in the work of "devising" the "machinery" desiderated by Gladstone. "Home Rule" is about to be granted to Ireland "as the first step," to quote the Prime Minister in introducing the Bill a year ago, "in a large and more comprehensive policy," to hand over "to the representatives whom alone they immediately affect" "the separate concerns of the different parts of this United Kingdom." These are Mr. Asquith's own words, emphasised by other characteristically clear and cogent utterances during the debates of last year, in which he spoke of "local legislation hopelessly in arrear," "your present system of centralised impotence," "vast areas of the Empire for which we are still directly responsible as trustees, to whose concerns we have not been able to afford so much as one single night." And in the course of the same discussion, Sir Edward Grey asked if there had been "any parallel to the monstrous over-centralisation of business which now takes place here in this House," and went on to say:—

"The problem we have to deal with is how, under modern conditions, with a population far bigger than any population of one State in history before, with a civilisation so developed, with political problems more complex than ever existed before . . . to liberate and free ourselves from congestion caused by that unparalleled and unprecedented condition of affairs."

Well, the first step has been taken in this process of "liberation." And you do a wise and timely thing in compelling consideration as to the nature of the second. What is it to be? The great mass of Scottish Liberals—and of most Scottish Democrats who do not profess and call themselves Liberals—would answer, in a single phrase, "Home Rule for Scotland." The problems of British politics have never been solved according to some perfect plan "laid up in heaven." Our native and homely genius is quite faithfully expressed in the figure of "the next step." And what we in Scotland see clearly is that all the domestic questions presently awaiting solution—Land, Housing, Education, Local Taxation, Poor Law, Licensing, the Church, Legal Reform, Prison Reform, Agriculture, &c.—will even at Westminster be treated separately for Scotland, as distinct from England; that in nearly every case there will be one Bill for England and another for Scotland. And we ask, with growing impatience, as continued delay increases their urgency: Why should not these purely Scottish problems be given for solution to a Scottish Parliament? And thus, at one and the same time, enable us to work out our own political and social salvation, assist the other parts of the Kingdom and the Empire by our example, and leave Imperial Parliament at Westminster more free, and therefore more efficient, to deal with the grave matters of finance, of defence and armaments, of foreign relationships, of colonial responsibilities, and of the development, in a Liberal and democratic spirit, of that "Commonwealth of Free Nations"—the mother and the daughter states of Britain—which may mean so much for the peace and progress of mankind.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. PRATT.

Glasgow, July 19th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am glad to see Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald's letter in your issue of the 12th, and hope the Labor Members will take up this subject with keenness and energy. Under our present Two-Party system, the Labor Party is outside the Constitution altogether. It is the fifth wheel to the coach. Its only hope is to bargain with one of the two official parties—to offer support in return for concessions; that is to say, to agree to vote for Bills in which they do not believe on condition they are assisted with Bills in which they do believe—not highly moral business methods.

Mr. MacDonald sees clearly that what we need is "to free the voting of Members"; but I do not think his plan of allowing a Government to decide when it shall "regard defeat as a censure" would act. He is quite right in putting most of the blame on Oppositions; but so long as a Government represents one party only, it is natural for the other party to do all that is in its power to turn it out of office. What is needed is, first, to obtain a House that represents the nation as fully as possible, whether by Proportional Representation or no I will not now pause to inquire. Secondly, to secure a Government that will represent the House as fully as possible, and that can only be done by the House electing each Member of the Government separately for his particular post. Excepting in the very rare event of a vote of censure on an individual Minister, the Government would then remain in office until the opening of the next Parliament—say, five years. As no legislative defeats would affect their position in the slightest, Mr. MacDonald's ambition, "to free the voting of Members," would thus be achieved at once. The business of the country could then be conducted in a business-like way, and there would be no campaigns of slander and scurrility when there was obviously no use for them. Ministers would then be Ministers and not Masters of the House.—Yours, &c.,

E. M.

LOG-ROLLING AND PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Humphreys is apparently much hurt that I should have associated log-rolling with Proportional Representation, and, in order to give vent to his indignation, he describes political conditions which do not exist. Log-rolling is essential to Proportional Representation. It may

be perfectly true that Proportional Representation will allow Members to be elected in constituencies by votes which are particularised, and by voters who are interested only in one subject, and who imagine themselves to be detached from big parties; but as soon as these Members, elected to do work which they will never have a chance of doing, find themselves in the House of Commons, they will have to join in forming a majority, and it is that joining which transforms the House of Commons from a mere mirror of public opinion to an expression of the national will—two totally different things. For instance, under Proportional Representation, three groups of six million votes might be represented by three groups of sixty in the House of Commons, but these three groups will not act in the House of Commons according to the formula of $60+60+60$. That formula has to be resolved into the formula of $91+89$. In forming the 91, nothing will come in but log-rolling. This is only an illustration of how Proportional Representation, so far from relieving us from any political impediments which we have to suffer to-day, will, in reality, greatly increase most of them.—Yours, &c.,

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

July 22nd, 1913.

THE WASTE OF PARLIAMENTARY TIME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those who lately passed a night in the House of Commons when they should have been in their beds, and spent a wretched day in consequence, doubtless had your sympathy. The Press has a business grievance against those who ordain late sittings, while Members of Parliament have a personal one.

But may I ask your support for the view that the Government gains nothing by conceding time in this way to the Opposition? If the aim is to avoid the charge of gagging discussion, the method fails, for the charge is unabated. Nor does public opinion support it any the less, either at the time or later on, when non-discussion of parts of a Bill is alleged.

Whatever advantage the subtle minds of Party Whips may imagine to exist, there is certainly a heavy loss. Leaving personal discomfort apart, Parliament loses as a whole. Good health, at the best, is hard to preserve in the House; the air is bad, and the hours more trying than those of any other Parliament. Men of mature years and experience are becoming increasingly rare in Parliament, and sleepless nights deter them more than autumn sessions.

But the loss to the Government, in whose interest the practice is presumably maintained, is even more obvious. Depression and "nerves" are a Government's chief danger. A mercurial outlook, a want of balance, a lack of touch with the prevailing mind of people outside the House, will not keep any Government in power. By imposing conditions for which men are not by nature adapted, a Government plays into its enemies' hands.—Yours, &c.,

NEW MEMBER.

July 17th, 1913.

P.S.—If to gain time is the object, there is a simple remedy. Whenever a division is called, three minutes are lost before it begins. If commenced at once, the saving would be even more than three minutes. The actual passing of the turnstiles would be more rapid than now, for a loose single file passes a barrier quicker than a crowd, packed as the crowd of Members must be at the end of the Lobby, where insanitary suffocation prevails sometimes for ten minutes. At the lowest estimate, in every fifteen divisions an hour is wasted. In the course of a session, not only would the night sittings be recouped, but days, if not weeks, of time would be gained at no cost at all.

COMPULSORY SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "popularity" of compulsory military training in Australia, so assiduously affirmed by the National Service League in Great Britain, can be discounted still more effectively than is done by Mr. Bracher in your issue just to hand. The figures he gives are significant; but what of these? In 1912, all boys reaching the age of fourteen in that year were required to register by the end of January.

The census showed 39,000 to be liable, but of these only 17,500 registered within the time limit. In 1913 the time limit was extended to the end of February; but, in spite of this, out of 43,000 liable, only 12,042 registered. That is to say, conscription is so "popular" (the boys are "keen as mustard," say the authorities) that, in 1912, 56 per cent., and in 1913, 72 per cent. of the trainees refused to register except under widely circulated threats of prosecution and punishment. And even that is not the whole story, as Mr. Bracher has shown. In spite of all the bluster and bullying of the military authorities, out of the 1912 quota, 8,000 cannot be traced, and out of the 1913 quota, 11,000 are still missing.

One further fact gives force to the growing unpopularity of conscription. Just a year ago, the Australian Freedom League was formed for the purpose of demanding the repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Defence Act. It began with two members; to-day its signed membership is over 35,000, and it grows every week.—Yours, &c.,

(Rev.) LEYTON RICHARDS.

Collins Street Independent Church, Melbourne.

June 18th, 1913.

THE LIBERAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGIST UNION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An interesting letter from Mrs. Acland appears in this week's NATION, announcing the formation of the "Liberal Women's Suffragist Union," and describing it as a banding together of Liberal women who pledge themselves not to work for anti-suffragist Liberal candidates.

Some people might regard the new "Union" as superfluous, since the Women's Liberal Federation already puts before its members the desirability of working only for those Liberal candidates and Members who pledge themselves to support woman suffrage.

In this respect, the Federation policy differs, of course, from that of the Women's National Liberal Association, which wishes to preserve absolute liberty of local action on the part of its members and associations in dealing with questions about which there is a difference of opinion within the Liberal Party.

Am I wrong, therefore, in imagining that the operations of the new "Liberal Women's Suffragist Union" would be co-extensive with those of the Women's Liberal Federation? But, to the simple mind of an unofficial Liberal woman, the important point of Mrs. Acland's letter is that of withholding the work of Liberal women from anti-suffragist Liberal candidates.

Are we to understand that the newly formed "Union" will forbid any of its North-country members to assist locally in the return to the House of Commons at all future General Elections of the present Members for East Fife, the Rossendale Division of Lancashire, and Rotherham?

Several Liberal women from the North would be grateful if Mrs. Acland could make this quite clear.—Yours, &c.,

WOMAN LIBERAL.

Wimbledon, July 21st, 1913.

[How can anyone who would exclude women from politics desire their electoral help?—ED., NATION.]

BULGARIANS AND GREEKS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your footnote to Dr. Seton-Watson's letter in to-day's issue, you say that Greater Bulgaria would have included a solidly Bulgarian district in Macedonia. You do not say that it would also have included Thrace, inhabited mainly by Greeks or Turks (where all the ports—Kavala, Porto-Lagos, Dedeagatch, and Enos—are Greek, where the great tobacco industry is mainly in Greek hands, where are the Greek towns of Serres and Drana), the exclusively Greek Chalcidice, Thasos, Samothrace, Melnik, Castoria, Verrios, Vodena, and the largely Greek Salonica. In all, at the lowest estimate, the Greater Bulgaria would have included over 500,000 Greeks.

You say that the Serbo-Greek Treaty forced Bulgaria to take the offensive. But for Bulgarian acquisitiveness, there would have been no such treaty. After the fall of Salonica, at the December Peace Conference, and again, later, M. Venizelos pressed for a delimitation of the frontier, and it is well known that he would have accepted the Struma

as the eastern boundary, and was willing to make considerable concessions in Southern Macedonia. To these requests no definite reply was given; and the intentions of the Bulgarians were plainly shown by the unprovoked attack in January on Greek troops in the Greek town of Nigrita. Nor does it appear that the Bulgarians were over-ready to arbitrate, as M. Venizelos suggested, except on impossible terms. M. Venizelos then suggested a conference of the four Premiers—a most reasonable suggestion, because neither Greece nor Montenegro had assented to, or known of, the Serbo-Bulgarian Treaty, and could therefore hardly be expected to admit its validity, seeing that it gave to Bulgaria districts claimed by Greece, and to Servia districts to which Montenegro had good claims.

All sensible men will deplore the passing of Bulgarians under Servian Government. But for Greeks to come under Bulgarian rule is even more deplorable. For the Serbs and the Bulgarians are at any rate akin, having many institutions and traditions in common, and languages no more remote than German and Dutch; and it has yet to be shown the Servian Government will be harsh or oppressive. But, plainly, Greeks and Bulgarians are antipathetic; and the events of the last few weeks are not likely to make them less so. We can make all allowance for the exaggeration of men maddened by rage and hate and fear, and for the difficulty we all have, even in the absence of disturbing emotions, of describing accurately what we have seen. But there is quite enough impartial evidence to prove that grave outrages have been committed by Bulgarian comitadjos, if not also by regular troops, on Greeks in Serres, Nigrita, Demir-Hissar, and elsewhere. The fewer Greeks therefore that remain under Bulgarian rule, the better the prospects of peace between the two countries.—Yours, &c.,

L. R. STRANGEWAYS.

540, Woodborough Road, Nottingham.

July 19th, 1913.

[One cannot say everything in a footnote. We argued from the first, and argue still, that Thrace ought to be autonomous. The Greater Bulgaria claimed by the Bulgarians did not include all the places named by our correspondent. Some of them—e.g., Melnik and Castoria—are tiny Greek towns, isolated in a purely Bulgarian country. We agree in thinking that Bulgarian diplomacy was unwise to delay a settlement with Greece; but this became impossible after Greece insisted on lumping her own claims with those of Servia, while all the time she was gathering her forces for a war. This she did while the whole Bulgarian Army was still in Thrace. Surely, if our correspondent admits that Greeks and Bulgarians are antipathetic, it is as much a tragedy for Bulgars to be ruled by Greeks as for Greeks to be ruled by Bulgars.—ED., THE NATION.]

HOME RULE AND A GENERAL ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article in your issue of the 12th inst. it is suggested that between the passing into law of the Home Rule Bill and the meeting of the Irish Parliament there will be a General Election.

May I point out another sentence in the same article that gives an excellent reason why the Irish Parliament should meet before the General Election? I mean the one which states—with, I believe, absolute exactitude—that the moment Ulster realises that Home Rule is inevitable, she will either open up negotiations, or allow them to be opened on her behalf. It seems to me that the best way to make Ulster realise that Home Rule is inevitable will be an Order of the Privy Council fixing the earliest possible date for the meeting of the Irish Parliament.

What, it is pertinent to ask, is the use of a General Election before this Parliament has run its appointed course? The Orange leaders say that a General Election will make no difference in their attitude, and, presumably, that applies equally to an election before the Bill has become law and to one after it has.

It must always be borne in mind that there is no certainty as to how a General Election will result. The calculation in official circles is, I know, that, with the abolition of plural voting and the return of a full complement of Members from Ireland to the House of Commons, the

Liberal Party will win for the fourth time running. That calculation, however, overlooks many factors in the situation; for instance, the attitude of the Labor Party. Already nearly fifty Labor candidates (using that term to include B.S.P. ones) have been selected for constituencies which are mainly Liberal in their present representation, and there is talk of selecting about sixty more. It is obvious, therefore, that at the next General Election we shall have more three-cornered contests than ever before.

Of course, even if the General Election resulted in the return of the Tory Party to power, that would not necessarily mean that the majority of the electors desired to repeal the Home Rule Bill; it might merely mean that they desired to "give the other side a turn"; but it would be interpreted in the former sense by the Tory Government, the Parliamentary labors of two years would be wasted, and anarchy would rage throughout Ireland.

The earliest date at which the Irish Parliament could meet would, I suppose, be about November 1st, 1914. The latest date at which a General Election could take place is January, 1916. If fourteen months be allowed to elapse between the former event and the latter, it will be wonderful to find how reconciled not only the Tory Party in general, but the Orangemen in particular, will have become to Home Rule.

In this question of dates there is another consideration. If the Plural Voting Bill is to become law, the General Election cannot be held earlier than May, 1915, whilst the latest date on which the Irish Parliament can meet is May 5th, 1915. If, therefore, a General Election be held before the Irish Parliament meets, the Liberal Party will once again be fighting with one hand tied behind its back.

There is the further fact that before this Parliament ends some more financial reforms should be made. If the General Election takes place before the Budget of 1915, one chance of doing this will be lost.—Yours, &c.,

YORKSHIRE RADICAL.

July 19th, 1913.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I am collecting material for a supplement to the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of the "Letters of Horace Walpole," published by the Clarendon Press, may I, through your columns, appeal to owners of letters not included in that edition, kindly to entrust me with the originals, or to supply me with copies, for publication in the supplement? I need hardly say that every care would be taken of letters lent, and that they would be returned to their owners as soon as copied, and that, of course, due acknowledgment would be made.

I have had the promise already of a certain number of letters, and as it is very unlikely that another supplement can be published for many years to come, I am anxious to secure as many as possible on the present occasion.—Yours, &c.,

PAGET TOYNEBEE.

Fireways, Burnham, Bucks.

July 22nd, 1913.

PORTUGUESE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In regard to the Portuguese prison scandals, and the lawlessness and tyranny of which those scandals are the logical outcome, I venture to quote portions of a letter I have received from Senhor Francisco Homem Christo, one of the most noted of the pioneer revolutionaries. A strenuous and consistent champion of reform, Senhor Homem Christo is a witness whose distinguished and eventful career gives to his opinions an unquestionable practical and moral value. Fearless, uncompromising, and outspoken, inspired by a fiery sincerity and an indomitable energy, Senhor Homem Christo's active and declared participation in five anti-monarchical efforts resulted in five separate imprisonments under the old régime. Under the Republic, he has also been imprisoned, not for conspiring against the existing powers, but for denouncing the violent and cruel autocracy which has succeeded the easy-going Monarchy.

Apropos of the type of credulous Liberal, who—irrespective of the facts—is so extremely simple-minded as to believe the mere name of Republic a sufficient guarantee of progress, Senhor Homem Christo expresses his commiseration for

"those deluded persons who defend mendacity in the name of truth, and tyranny in the name of liberty. . . . It is necessary [continues Senhor Christo] for Englishmen in Portugal to be more than ever on their guard against the artifices of the Government. Senhor Antonio Osorio, one of the most able and disinterested of Portuguese lawyers, told me the other day that the present autocrats, though fundamentally as unscrupulous and arbitrary as before, are endeavoring to present the appearance of a respectable *régime* in regard to the political prisoners, *para inglês ver* [for the English to see], as we say in Portugal. You know that phrase, and in it you see the synthesis of the prevalent hypocrisy. We have the reality and the appearances—and the appearances are false, illusory, and mendacious—to deceive the English. . . . But I believe, if this series of evasions, distortions, half-truths, and entire lies is repeatedly and emphatically exposed, the moral criticism of Europe, and, above all, that of England will yet reawaken the good qualities dormant in the Portuguese character."

Senhor Homem Christo adds that the present *régime* may be more accurately described as the Republic of Lisbon than as the Republic of Portugal, inasmuch as it defies, instead of embodying, all the best traditions and principles of the Portuguese nation.

"England [adds Senhor Christo] has frequently intervened in the internal affairs of Portugal; and such intervention on behalf of reason, justice, and humanity has never before been so urgently needed as it is to-day, when humbug and hypocrisy have joined forces with tyranny and mendacity for the ruin of a once great nation."

Senhor Homem Christo then comments on a series of recent cases of cruelty and injustice—cases now in the hands of the British Protest Committee, and awaiting publication—and he concludes by saying that the revelation of such deplorable evils should make it impossible for any Englishman to labor under the delusion that the rule of Affonso Costa is synonymous with the triumph of liberty.

In reply to your correspondent, Mr. Swinny, I need only repeat that I do not despair of his conversion. Unfortunately, he was shown only what the Republic wished him to see—*para inglês ver*—and his credulity and good nature have been much abused. I should add that, some time before his series of letters brought his name before the public, the British Protest Committee had received from Lisbon information as to what this gentleman was to be shown, and what assertions might consequently be anticipated from him in the English press. To say this is not to reflect in any way upon Mr. Swinny's motives or intentions, but merely to point out that his opinions are drawn from insufficient data—*para inglês ver*—and thus cannot weigh down the scale against the expert opinions and undeniable evidence on which the British protest is founded. Only some serious misunderstanding of the facts can account for the way Mr. Swinny, in the name of Republican liberty and progress, so persistently opposes an amnesty which the majority of sober Republicans agree would be the one and only method of convincing Europe of the stability and strength of the Republic.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. TENISON.

(Hon. Secretary to the Committee of the British National Protest.)

Yokes Court, near Sittingbourne, Kent.

THE MASSACRE OF THE LONDON STREETS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was considerably disappointed, on opening my copy of THE NATION this morning, to find no further correspondence under the heading, "The Massacre of the London Streets." I sincerely hope that it is not your intention to let the matter drop, and in that hope am sending you this letter.

Consider the situation, as revealed in the letters of your correspondent, Mr. Henry Murray. The fatal accidents in the streets of London have mounted to 537 per annum, the less serious accidents to 20,000 per annum, and both are steadily increasing.

Mr. Alfred Warwick Gattie has perfected a great mechanico-electrical invention, one of whose effects would be to diminish the volume of trade-traffic by 95 per cent., and so decrease the number of street accidents "to practical

negligibility." Its competence to effect vast reform is vouched for by four of the most eminent mechanical experts now living, and one dead—the late Major Cardew, Mr. James Swinburne, Dr. H. S. Hele-Shaw, Major George Harland Bowden, and Signor Guglielmo Marconi. The financial soundness of the scheme is certified by a financial authority of equal eminence in his own line—Mr. Edgar Harper. The scheme is offered, backed by these credentials, for the consideration of the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade, a Government Department specially created to inquire into and report upon such schemes, and the head of that Department, Colonel Hellard, C.B., declines, point-blank, to look at it, or to say one word about it—good, bad, or indifferent!

What is to be said of such a situation? For what does the London Traffic Department of the Board of Trade suppose that it exists? For what does Colonel Hellard suppose that the British community pays him his salary?

Again, some few weeks ago, Mr. Murray proposed, in the columns of your contemporary, the "Evening Standard," that Sir George Toulmin, M.P., Chairman of the Select Parliamentary Committee on the Motor Traffic of London, now sitting, should call Mr. Gattie and the scientific authorities whose names I have already cited, and take their evidence regarding the Goods Clearing House scheme. Not the faintest notice has been taken of the suggestion. Why?

The one proposed alternative to the Goods Clearing House scheme has been the ridiculous idea, which never had a chance of acceptance, and is now abandoned, to relieve the congestion of the City by widening the main roads of Highgate and Croydon. Meanwhile, the massacre of the London streets goes gaily on, and Mr. Murray's statement that "the next victim may be I who write or you who read" is the plain expression of a grim fact.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN RUAVLT.

17, Southampton Street, W.C.
July 19th, 1913.

Poetry.

THE TEMPLE.

WITH days of hard travail I raised a temple.
It had no doors or windows, its walls were thickly built
with massive stones.
I forgot all else, I shunned all the world, I gazed in
rapt contemplation at the image I set upon the altar.
The night there was everlasting, lit by the lamps of
perfumed oil.
The ceaseless smoke of incense wound my heart in its
heavy coils.
Sleepless, I carved on the walls fantastic figures in mazy
lines, bewildering—winged horses, flowers with
human face, women with the curving limbs of a
serpent.
No passage was left anywhere through which could enter
the song of birds, the murmur of leaves or the hum of
the busy village.
The only sound that echoed in its dark dome was my own
chanting of incantations.
My mind became keen and still like a pointed flame,
my senses swooned in ecstasy.
I knew not how time passed till a thunderstone had
struck the temple, and a pain stung me through my
heart as it were a snake of fire.
Suddenly a gap yawned in the stony walls, the daylight
streamed in, and voices came from the world.
The lamp became pale and ashamed.
The carvings on the walls, like chained dreams, looked
meaningless in the light, and vainly tried to find a
hiding place.
The closed walls opened in my temple.
I looked at the image on the altar.
I saw it smiling and alive with the living touch of God.
The captive night spread its wings and vanished.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Farm Laborer: The History of a Modern Problem." By O. Jocelyn Dunlop. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Making the Most of the Land." By James Long. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
 "The History of Freedom of Thought." By Professor J. B. Bury. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
 "Germany of To-Day." By Charles Tower. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
 "The Flute of Sardonix: Poems." By Edmund John. (Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Power Behind." By M. P. Willcocks. (Hutchinson. 6s.)
 "Gracechurch." By John Ayscough. (Longmans. 6s.)
 "Le Rythme du Progrès: Etude Sociologique." Par Louis Weber. (Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.)
 "Du Confit Tragique chez les Grecs et dans Shakespeare." Par L. M. Turner. (Paris: Ollier-Henry. 6 fr.)
 "L'Ameublement Français au Grand Siècle." Par Jacques Boulenger. (Paris: Les Arts Graphiques. 7 fr. 50.)
 "Le Foyer Populaire." Par Paul Strauss. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Theodor Körner: Ein Dichter und Heldenleben." Von A. Wenke. (Dresden: Wendt. M. 2.50.)

IN the spring of 1912 we informed our readers that the Committees of the Royal Historical Society and of the American Historical Association had made arrangements for the issue of a bibliography of the modern history of Great Britain. Messrs. Ginn now announce that the first volume of this bibliography is almost ready. It has been compiled by a number of British and American scholars under the general supervision of Professor G. W. Prothero and Professor Edward P. Cheyney.

WHILE authorship, journalism, printing, and the mechanics of newspaper production have all engaged the attention of writers, the world of books, unless we are mistaken, is as yet without any treatise on publishing. This reproach is to be removed by Mr. R. S. Yard, the editor of "The Century Magazine," who has completed a volume in which he gives an account of the various processes by which books are selected, manufactured, advertised, and sold. Its title is "The Publisher," and as Mr. Yard writes with first-hand knowledge of his subject, his book is sure to be welcomed by all who take an interest in the production of books.

WE learn from the "Manchester Guardian" that the impressive series of lectures which Mr. Rabindranath Tagore is now giving in London will be published in book form in the early autumn. The volume will be called "Sadhana: The Realisation of Life," and the titles of the lectures are "The Relation of the Individual to the Universe," "Soul Consciousness," "The Problem of Evil," "The Problem of Self," "The Realisation of Love," "The Realisation of Beauty," "The Realisation of Action," and "The Realisation of the Infinite." It is hoped, too, that the lectures will be followed by a second volume of Mr. Tagore's poems, made up for the most part of his earlier songs and lyrics.

MR. HORACE B. WHEATLEY is our foremost authority upon everything relating to Samuel Pepys. In addition to furnishing us with the standard edition of the "Diary" and a supplementary volume of "Pepysiana," he is the author of a chatty volume on "Samuel Pepys and the World He Lived In." Mr. Wheatley is now about to gather up the researches of a lifetime in an extended biography of Pepys, on which he has already made good progress.

A TRANSLATION of M. Dunoyer's biography of Fouquier-Tinville, the notorious Public Prosecutor of the Paris Revolutionary Tribunal, will be one of the early autumn books to come from Mr. Herbert Jenkins. M. Dunoyer's researches among the French National Archives have brought to light several fresh facts, and his study of Fouquier-Tinville is a valuable contribution to the history of the Terror.

"MACDONALD OF THE ISLES" is one of the most fascinating themes that a writer of family history could choose, and we are confident that it will receive full justice

at the hands of Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling in the volume announced by Mr. Murray. Mrs. Stirling has had access to unpublished manuscript material of historical value, while her former books on "Coke of Norfolk and His Friends" and "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope" show the skill with which she can weave family papers into a vigorous narrative.

ANOTHER book to come from the same publisher is "The Journal of a Cavalry Officer in the Corunna Campaign" by Captain Alexander Gordon. The "Journal," which has been prepared for the press by Colonel Wyllie, was written by Captain Gordon immediately after his return from the Peninsula, where he served with the 15th Hussars. From a military point of view, the book has the interest of treating the work of the cavalry in the Corunna Campaign more fully than has been done by previous writers. At the same time, it offers the general reader a story of adventure and hardship, while it also presents the view taken by contemporaries of Sir John Moore's famous exploit.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS's list of autumn announcements contains two promising volumes of theatrical recollections. "Miss Fortescue's Reminiscences" will deal at some length with the famous Gilbert-Sullivan partnership as well as with theatrical affairs in the United States, Canada, and South Africa. Cecil Rhodes, General Buller, President Cleveland, and Mrs. Craigie are a few of the celebrities who figure in Miss Fortescue's pages, while among the living persons about whom she gossips are Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. W. J. Locke, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

A GOOD deal about the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership will also be found in the other volume, which is a further instalment of Mr. James Glover's reminiscences, and has the title "Jimmy Glover and His Friends." We are assured that "Jimmy Glover: His Book," which was reviewed in THE NATION for November 18th, 1911, has far from exhausted Mr. Glover's stock of anecdotes, and we are promised a further series of entertaining glimpses of the late King Edward, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Tree, and other distinguished figures in politics, journalism, and the drama.

MR. BOLTON HALL's "What Tolstoy Thought," to come from the same publishers, claims to be the first book that contains in brief form a full representation of the views of that great teacher. Mr. Bolton Hall avoids all critical discussion, confining himself solely to an exposition of Tolstoy's ideas, and as a former work of his received Tolstoy's approval, we may look for an unbiassed summary of the conclusions reached by the great nineteenth-century prophet.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have in the press a book entitled "The Real Cesare Borgia," by Mr. W. H. Woodward. So many books about the Borgias—few of them of any value—have appeared within the past few years that Mr. Woodward's task in securing an audience will be far from easy. For it is one of the deplorable results of the present glut in the world of books that careful historical studies are often submerged by mere paste-and-scissors compilations that traverse part of the same ground.

MR. RAFAEL SABATINI, who is, by the way, the writer of a biography of Cesare Borgia which does not lie open to the above strictures, has finished a book on "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition," which will be published within the next few weeks by Messrs. Stanley Paul. We have had plenty of books on the Spanish Inquisition, but, unless we are mistaken, this will be the first full account in English of the great Inquisitor.

THE Cambridge University Press announces a new series of books on technical subjects, intended to include the whole sphere of technical work in its widest sense. The writers are men who have had experience in Technical Institutions, and the volumes already arranged for include "Business Methods" by Mr. Thomas Hart, "Applied Mechanics" by Mr. E. S. Andrews, "Paper: Its Use and Testing" by Mr. Sheldon Leicester, and books on automobile engineering, mining geology, and textile calculations.

Reviews.

SAMUEL BUTLER IN ITALY.

"Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino." By SAMUEL BUTLER. New and Enlarged Edition. Introduction by R. A. STREATFEILD. (Fifield. 5s. net.)

MR. FESTING JONES and Mr. Streatfeild may be regarded as jointly responsible for this edition of "Alps and Sanctuaries." Mr. Jones has a very particular right to take certain liberties with the text and arrangement of the book. He not only accompanied Butler on his Italian expeditions and drew many of the sketches which were used in the first, as in this, edition, but is constantly alluded to as his collaborator—"the book is nearly as much his as mine." The chief addition to the work is the chapter "Fusio Revisited," constructed from copious notes which are among Butler's literary remains: as it now stands, it is scarcely distinguishable in style from the rest of the book. Another chapter has been relegated to an appendix. The index, which Butler compiled for a possible second edition, is a very pleasing addition. It is rather a summary of the *bons mots* of the book than a reference index; it is only useful for those who have already read the work to find under "S" "shock," a *sine-qua-non* for consolation and for evolution, 54," or under "T," "Titian would not have done for 'Punch,' 143." For the rest, we have the book as it originally appeared, excepting that there are a few minor corrections and additions, that Gogin's cover-design has gone, and that the whole is compressed into a smaller, more portable, and cheaper volume. The sketches with which every chapter is illustrated are inseparable from the book itself; they are part of the whole design, and are as characteristic as the sentences in the text. For Butler, literature, art, and music go together as modes of expressing life as it appears to him. He pens a paragraph, makes a sketch of what he sees, and inserts fragments from a musical score. Thus alone is Italy, as he sees it, to be represented in a book.

"Alps and Sanctuaries" is perhaps the book which will tell us more about Butler himself than any of his other works. "Erewhon" better represents him as one of the shrewdest and most truthful of satirists, and "The Way of All Flesh" is his greatest work, presenting objectively a picture of English life which achieves poignant and humorous criticism without the frivolity of caricature.

But in "Alps and Sanctuaries" Butler is unfolding his thoughts and impressions as they come to him. He is ready to scoff at fashionable ideas, and even to ridicule persons; but he is sympathetically disposed to everything unaffectedly human. If he will have no slavering sentiment, on the other hand, he is profoundly moved by natural scenery, by beautiful monuments and pictures, and most of all by the personal element. But he will not have the objective charm of life made vapid by the softness of Wordsworthian reflection or the "priggism" of culture. "Priggism, or whatever the substantive is, is as essentially a Teutonic vice as holiness is a Semitic characteristic; and if an Italian happens to be a prig, he will, like Tacitus, invariably show a hankering after German institutions." He turns his back on the German slopes of the Alps, and gratefully descends the southern valleys, picking his way among the villages, the churches, castles, and monasteries on the Italian side. The people of Italy suit his holiday spirit. He is "a foreigner come among them for recreation." There he is able to converse with people who are passionately in earnest about their religion without feeling that he is bound to take sides. He has no wish to distribute tracts or to convert people. He finds himself attracted by the *curato* of North Italy "by sympathies deeper than any mere superficial differences of opinion can counteract." *Surtout point de cèle.* "It is a great grief to me that there is no place where I can go among Mr. Darwin, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Ray Lankester, Miss Buckley, Mr. Romanes, Mr. Allen, and others whom I cannot call to mind at this moment, as I can go among the Italian priests."

Butler, in fact, loved the hospitality of these villages by reason of that trait in his temper which made him unpopular in England. He was a man

who had learnt the jargon of philosophy, religion, and art. He knew enough about principles to hate them whenever they degenerated into fads. We, to-day, who have learnt to be tolerant to Mohammedans, Comtists, or even Christians from whom we differ, can understand his dislike of quarrelling about things which "are too serious to be taken quite seriously." But in his own time he was abused by the Protestants for being too Catholic, and by the Catholics for being too Protestant; by the Evolutionists for misunderstanding Darwin, and by the theologians for entertaining evolutionary heresies. He turned his satire upon the fads and unrealities of modern life because he was interested in persons and things as he found them and as he perceived them to be. If he had been living to-day, he would have mocked at his disciple, Mr. Shaw, with as much pleasure as he mocked at Mr. Darwin. But he would mock at neither the one nor the other if he might talk with him as he talked to an Italian priest, or as Borrow talked to gipsies or bandits. In his holiday moments at least he would accept people as Peter Bell accepted the primrose. "I never can see what there was to find fault with in that young man." Above all things, get away from jargon, ready-made principles, cheap enthusiasms; get among things, a primrose, if need be, and take it for what it is worth; do not give up the individual by making it vulgarly universal.

He is never an extremist. But that is not because he is a lover of compromise, pursuing the *via media* from astute moderation. Most people think first and observe afterwards. Butler was, in the first place, an observer, and he fitted his ideas on to what he had already perceived in life. He loved Italy, but he acknowledges that he loves England even better. He is at home with a Catholic priest, but he will not bring himself to admire a narrow-minded monk, and he laughs at the proselytising Catholic gentleman who preaches upon the wrong picture at the National Gallery. He will be neither Protestant nor Catholic, but the faith that he has is none the less real. He will not decide for reason against faith, nor for faith against reason. The human composition is too complex for these hard-and-fast distinctions. "Faith and reason are like desire and power, or demand and supply; it is impossible to say which comes first. . . . A man's safety lies neither in faith nor reason, but in temper—in the power of fusing faith and reason, even when they appear most mutually destructive. A man of temper will be certain in spite of uncertainty, and at the same time uncertain in spite of certainty."

And then, again, he laments that the Italians have fallen off in the art of painting, whilst asserting they are still as capable of painting divinely as ever they were. He attributes the whole fault to the academic system, just as in all his books he attributes nearly all the absurdities in the world to that artifice which underlies bad morals and bad manners. But here, again, he will not go to extremes, which he recognises as invariably false. "It is with this (art discipline) as with everything else—there must be a harmonious fusing of two principles which are in flat contradiction to one another." All modern art suffers from the academic system, which "consists in giving people the rules for everything. The true system is the apprenticeship system, which consists in letting them do it, with just a trifle of supervision." "Some men can pass through academics unscathed, but they are very few; and, in the main, the academic influence is a baleful one, whether exerted in a university or a school." But he puts the matter very much more picturesquely and concretely than that. Painting, in the long run, is a matter of experience and instinct. It is a pronouncement, like that of the little girl of four, who, weeping because her uncle had not taken her for a drive, explained that "Mans is all alike." This, says Butler, is "Giottesque." Modern Italian painting, on the other hand, is like the pronouncement of a lady whose education had been neglected in her youth.

"She came into a large fortune, and at some forty years of age put herself under the best masters. She once said to me as follows, speaking very slowly and allowing a long time between each part of the sentence: 'You see,' she said, 'the world, and all that it contains, is wrapped up in such curious forms, that it is only by a knowledge of human nature that we can rightly tell what to say, to do, or to admire.' I copied the sentence into my notebook immediately on taking my leave. It is like an academy picture."

There we have the essential Butler, appreciative and mocking in two paragraphs; applauding the instinctive

genuine and true when he comes across it, scoffing at the unnatural jargon which fills out the talk of modern society. "Alps and Sanctuaries" is a book mainly of appreciation—appreciation of places, monuments, people in their proper, picturesque setting. But he will not be enthusiastic at the expense of good laughter. It was the defect of Titian that he could never have contributed to "Punch." *Surtout point de cèle.* Do not let us exhaust the primrose, and overstep the limits between the "earnest" and the "intense." The sting of his satire is keen because it is directed against those who attempt to appreciate life by destroying its variety, by reducing it to a few terms; and because he himself has a versatile but profound sympathy for persons, objects, moods, ideas, whenever they are free from jargon, faddism, and falsity.

THE HOPE OF INDIA.

"Allan Octavian Hume, C.B., 'Father of the Indian Congress,' 1829-1912." By Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, Bart. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

WHEN Hume died last July, a cry of lamentation went up from all parts of India. For Indians, like the Irish and other subjects of alien domination, have long memories for good as for evil, and though it was eighteen years since Hume left India, his name was still known in millions of homes as one of the true "protectors of the poor." If we had to choose the Englishman who, within the last fifty years, has done the highest service to the peoples of India, and conversely to the reputation of England there, we should without hesitation choose Hume. Here, in a brief and clear account, we are shown what that service meant, and the account is written by one of the very few who might fairly be placed by the side of Hume among India's benefactors.

The story of such a life is of the deepest interest, not only to friends of India, but to all who are engaged in movements for the reform or overthrow of caste domination and government by bureaucracy, no matter how "efficient." From his father, Joseph Hume, the most stalwart of the early Radicals, Hume inherited a fine political instinct and an obstinate passion for liberty. Yet there was nothing abstract or doctrinaire about his spirit of reform. One may connect his freedom from chilling theory with his scientific devotion to nature, his patient studies in geology, botany, and especially in bird-life, of which his great collection of the birds of India, now in South Kensington, is the monument. He was thus always kept closely in touch with reality; but his great advantage over theorists and bureaucrats was that he never ceased to keep in touch with the Indians themselves.

It is sixty-four years now since he went to India, and the position of the civil servant has changed very much for the worse since then. He is now tied to his official desk, overlaid with reports and papers, by which far the greater part of his action must be guided. He sees very little of Indian life; his acquaintance even with the leading people of his district is slight and seldom friendly; his knowledge of the local language is usually small; as soon as he begins to know something of it he is often shifted to another district where not a word of it is understood; and all the time he has one eye fixed on "home"; for in three weeks or so he might be in London. In Hume's day all this was different. The civil servant lived out of doors; he knew the Indians of all classes thoroughly; he stayed in one district for nearly twenty years, and he made India his home.

After brilliant services in the North-West Provinces during the Mutiny, Hume settled down to a quarter-century of administrative life during a period of increasing difficulty. For nine years of that time he was Commissioner of Customs, and in those days we must remember the great barrier or "Salt Hedge" ran right across the broadest part of India for the maintenance of the salt-tax. Just at the end of his service he was for a short time Secretary to the Government; but he was far too outspoken and independent to make a successful Government subordinate, especially under such a Viceroyalty as Lord Lytton's, and he was forced to resign. He withdrew from the Service altogether in 1882, at the age of fifty-three, and it was only then that the great enterprise of his life began to take shape.

From the first he had perceived the necessity of reforms

—reforms in education, the liquor traffic, the police, irrigation, the life of the starving ryot and his oxen. Under the stress of famine, wars, poverty, and scandals, a feeling of general unrest was spreading through the country, and it was only increased by the studies of educated Indians in the history of England's own contests for political freedom. Hume's great idea was to treat the educated classes with friendship instead of with scorn; to induce them to state and organise their demands for their own country's welfare, and to inspire them with the hope of association in their own government.

With these intentions he designed the Indian National Congress. As Sir William Wedderburn, himself one of the most honored British leaders of the Congress movement, here writes:—

"The fundamental objects of this national movement were threefold, and were recorded in the following terms: First, the fusion into one national whole of all the different elements that constitute the population of India; second, the gradual regeneration along all lines—spiritual, moral, social, and political—of the nation thus evolved; and third, the consolidation of the union between England and India, by securing the modification of such of its conditions as may be unjust or injurious."

The idea of the Congress was elaborated in 1883, and the first session held at Christmas, 1885, in Bombay. It is worth while recalling the two main clauses of the first resolution ever put to that historic assembly of representative Indians:—

"That this Congress considers the reform and expansion of the supreme and existing Local Legislative Councils by the admission of a considerable proportion of elected members essential; and holds that all Budgets should be referred to those Councils for consideration, their members being moreover empowered to interpellate the Executive in regard to all branches of the administration."

An extension in the number of the Councils, and a right of appeal to a Standing Committee of the House of Commons in cases where a majority on a Council was over-ridden by the Executive, were also suggested. The object was simply to secure some element of representation in the government of the country, and one might have supposed that among Englishmen, who talk so much about freedom and the glories of a representative constitution, the opposition would not have been violent. But in the extension of any kind of suffrage or constitutional liberty, there appears to be something which drives English people, and especially politicians and bureaucrats, to madness. Ultimately, reason wins, and three or four years ago Lord Morley's wisdom conceded the main demand of the first Congress. But if the proposal had been met in a reasonable spirit at first, what heart-burning might have been avoided during a quarter of a century, what lacerating indignation and embittered disappointment, what distrust and rage and bloodshed! In Sir William Wedderburn's words:—

"What a world of misunderstanding and suffering, of affections alienated and passions aroused, of secret conspiracy, and outrage, and Russian methods of repression might have been avoided if the Administration had been wise in time, and listened long ago to the counsels respectfully tendered by a friendly and law-abiding people!"

That was too much to hope for. As Cromwell said, where people have won freedom for themselves, it seems impossible to induce them, by any reasoning, to extend it. And so in India, as in our own country before each Reform Bill, the struggle had to continue to the extreme point of violence till a man of Lord Morley's wisdom was found to take counsel with the wisest of the Congress leaders, and ordain reforms which might have been granted over twenty years before. That, unhappily, would not have suited the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, bitterly jealous of their privileges, as all bureaucrats are, and inspired besides with pride of caste and domination. They regarded the "educated native" and "Congress-wallah" with envenomed scorn, and denounced as "seditious" (easy and fatal word!) every prominent Indian who claimed for his people the smallest share in his own country's government.

Perhaps only Indians can realise how impenetrable appears this barrier of domination, this deadweight of an irresponsible bureaucracy, to the subject races beneath it, no matter how paternal and benevolent the rulers may think themselves. Yet, under the leadership of such men as Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, Mr. Justice Ranade, Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee,

Mr. Surendranath Banerjee, Mr. Bhupendranath Basu, and Mr. Gokhale, that true "Servant of India," the men of the Congress have at last succeeded, to some extent, in penetrating the densest prejudice, and winning for their peoples some small degree of constitutional liberty. It is overwhelming to think what tasks still remain to be undertaken; but one cannot believe that any steps will now be taken backward towards subjection; and among the names of the great Englishmen who, in the face of personal loss and obloquy and derision, have advanced the cause of freedom and unity among the peoples of India, Hume's name will always be remembered as one of the noblest.

DIFFICULTIES OF BELIEF.

'Within our Limits: Essays on Questions Moral, Religious, and Historical.' By ALICE GARDNER. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

SANITY, sense, and sobriety are the notes of Miss Gardner's essays; and, lest it should be supposed that these qualities connote dullness, it may be added that the book is the reverse of dull. It was only when speaking at a scream was a novelty that it was entertaining; by this time it is no longer a novelty, and has ceased to entertain.

The title, "Within our Limits," is suggestive as expressing the principle which runs through the several essays,

"that for clear thinking on fundamental principles, and for concentrated action in dealing with present-day problems, as well as for the sympathetic and rational interpretation of the past, we need to spend more time and energy than we always feel ready to give in marking out the several fields before us, pointing out distinctions among the things submitted to our observation, and tracing, as far as possible, their relations to one another. In days of motor-car speed, slovenly thinking and precipitate action are often found to hamper intellectual and moral advance, both in individuals and in societies."

The secret of fruitful thought and of its outcome in the shape of effectual action is the avoidance of party shibboleths, the determination to get below the surface of things.

"The basis of the distinction between free thinkers and others lies less in the belief in freedom than in the belief in thought."

"In morals and religion, zeal for truth is generally at a discount compared with active desire to do something. In political and social life, the tendency is strongly marked, and—in a democratic country—dangerous. There is a tendency to assume that people ready to suffer for any cause must have a good cause, though history tells us of many faithful martyrs to cranks and quackery."

"If I am supposed to be on one side or the other of the 'Women's Movement,' as a whole, I find myself in company with people whose principles I extremely dislike and distrust."

"I value the vote far less for any immediate effect I expect from it than for its being the visible sign and symbol of much more."

"Women who are only wives and mothers are not the best kind either of wives or of mothers."

It would be difficult to put more genuine thinking into the same number of words.

The essay on "Belief in Miracles" clears the ground of a good deal of *débris*, the removal of which is a condition of reconstruction. The definition of a miracle as an event beyond the powers of nature to bring about is meaningless, except on the supposition that our knowledge of the powers of nature is exhaustive; the notion that a non-miraculous religion is ineffectual and nerveless is dispelled by the history of Mohammedanism. The question whether God can work miracles is unanswerable; the point at issue is, is there evidence to show that He does? The assumption of the congruity of miracle at the opening of the Christian dispensation is "ratuitous": "with regard to the evidence produced, it may be quite safely asserted that, looked at in a white light, and from a calmly judicial point of view, the evidence in favor of the early Christian miracles, taken *en bloc*, seems to be losing in strength." The Creeds are evidence of the belief of their time, not of the occurrence of the events referred to in them. The most orthodox theologians would refuse to accept, in the sense of their compilers, the articles on the Descent into Hell, the Ascension into Heaven, and the Resurrection of the flesh. Each several statement must stand on its own evidence; but, as far as the Creeds go, there is no reason why the

Miraculous Birth and the Empty Sepulchre should not be interpreted, as these articles are, symbolically. The limits of symbolism in a particular case are open to discussion; but symbolism, as a condition of mental representation, is a fact from which we cannot get away.

In the suggestive paper on Ritual the principle of symbolism is discussed with reference to ceremonial.

"At the present day there are many who would cling to the practice of Christian ritual while avoiding any direct expression of Christian belief, at least in the forms generally used. It seems to them that ritual has an advantage over language because it expresses no definite statement of belief or opinion, but only seeks to shadow forth such truths as lie beyond our capacity of formulating; because, in short, it is symbolical."

This position, which in one shape or another is common among Modernists, Anglican and Roman Catholic alike, needs qualification. There is a difference between the ceremonial of an English Cathedral service and the sacramental ritual of the Mass. The implication of the former is religious, that of the latter dogmatic; and it is difficult to see how it can survive the dogma which it expresses and implies. People will only confess to a priest as long as they believe in the efficacy of priestly absolution; and, without faith in the mysterious Presence and Sacrifice in the Eucharist, attendance at Mass is a somewhat empty form. A transition period might take place in a Church where such observance was traditional; but its revival, apart from the dogma on which it is based, is unthinkable: a symbolism which should attempt this is a symbolism run to seed.

Miss Gardner's counsel to apologists should be written in large letters over the Church House, at the Church Congress, and in every other place where apologists are to be found.

"Those who undertake the defence of Christianity should have as clear ideas as possible, not only of the kind of attacks that they may have to repel, but—far more—of what it is that they are bound to defend. In military action, it is not good policy to make efforts on behalf of weak or useless outposts. Now, as we have seen, there is a certain amount in what generally passes as Christianity which has become attached to it from historical causes and cannot be said to belong to it essentially. Then there is much which, to some people, may be so closely bound up with Christianity that they, at least, could not remain Christians without it. . . . It is well for us all to recognise the distinction as far as we can. Stumbling-blocks are often removed when people realise that some things, which they have always regarded as necessary elements in Christian belief, have not always been held by Christians; and, when they are held, are in no way profitable to Christianity. Anything which is really helpful to some Christians is, if questioned, worthy of explanation and apology; but, if it is the reverse of helpful in any quarters, we are wrong in taking too much pains on its behalf. This applies especially to many kinds of religious discipline and observance, which are excellent for many—perhaps for most—people; but which others can do very well without. The more Christians themselves realise what is all important in their religion, the less likely are they to waste their energy in the defence either of what had better go, or of what would be good to retain but can be lost without any great catastrophe."

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMEDIANS.

"Polly Peachum: Being the Story of Lavinia Fenton (Duchess of Bolton) and 'The Beggar's Opera.'" By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

It is probable that Mr. Pearce's book would have taken a different shape if he had not been anxious to appeal to the preferences of the hour in his choice of a title. We do not know whether, in the first instance, he collected his materials because he wanted to write about Polly Peachum, or whether he merely chose Polly Peachum as a peg upon which to hang materials he had already collected. In either case, that pretty and fleeting lady seems hardly a sufficient excuse for a bulky volume like this. It is as though an author, having compiled the makings of a book on the Thames, were to select as his subject some cork bobbing on the surface of the river. It would have been far better if Mr. Pearce had made his book turn on John Gay and his circle, or the general history of "The Beggar's Opera," or the English comic stage in the reign of George II. For, after all, what did Lavinia Fenton ever do that called for more than twenty pages of writing, beyond appearing sixty-two nights as Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera," and

becoming first the mistress and then the wife of the Duke of Bolton? She was one of the rockets, not one of the stars, of the stage. That is why Mr. Pearce has so often to pad out his book with long irrelevancies like the twelve or thirteen pages he gives us about Sally Salisbury—the bricklayer's daughter, who "learned her bullying way by going o' nights among the Mohocks, dressed like a beautiful youth," and once was rolled in a cask down Holborn Hill"—merely because a biographer, with little care for the truth, has mentioned Lavinia in the same breath with Sally. This and similar irrelevancies are enjoyable enough in themselves; but regarded as parts of a book on Polly Peachum and "The Beggar's Opera," they irritate us like breakdowns in the progress of a journey. Mr. Pearce has forgotten that it is a primary duty of a book of this kind to go forward.

Of Polly herself, then, what is to be told? She was, it is said, born in 1708, the illegitimate daughter of a lieutenant in the Navy, named Beswick, and an easy-going lady, who afterwards married a Mr. Fenton. Who or what Mr. Fenton was we do not know; but Mrs. Fenton lives for us in a sentence which tells how she, "being a woman of a popular spirit, soon after her marriage set up a coffee-house in Charing Cross, where Polly, being a child of a vivacious, lively spirit and of promising beauty, was a plaything for the fops." Polly, apparently, grew up a most attractive flirt, and her mother had good hopes of selling her into the arms of a rich man. But the girl had ideas of her own on the point, and, one Friday in 1725, she drove off, without waiting for her mother's consent, in the coach of a Portuguese nobleman. It was in the same year that she made her first appearance on the stage in a sixteen-line part in Otway's play, "The Orphan; or, the Unhappy Marriage." Hitherto, it has been freely asserted that Polly—it is as Polly, not as Lavinia, that she survives in history—was given the leading part of Monimia in "The Orphan"; and this sudden success has been pointed to as the first miracle of her career. In disproving this myth, Mr. Pearce has performed a useful, if small, service to theatrical antiquities. Nothing of importance is known of the young actress's history till the 29th of January, 1728, when "The Beggar's Opera" was produced by John Rich at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, before an audience which included Pope and Sir Robert Walpole, the latter the object of various satirical allusions in the play. It is said that at one point the house was excited almost to the point of making a hostile demonstration against Walpole, "but he adroitly turned aside the attack by smiling blandly and leading the applause." Next morning, in spite of the fact that dramatic critics had hardly been invented, Polly "awoke to find herself famous." So complete was her triumph, that Rich immediately doubled her salary. To be precise, instead of fifteen, he now paid her thirty shillings a week. Concerning her brief career as a singer and actress, we know little except that she captivated the town, like a new fashion. London fell in love with her, and Mr. Pearce makes bold to insist that she was as great a favorite with her fellow-players as with the general public. The enthusiasm of her admirers is finely suggested in the legend—perhaps it is only a legend—which tells us that she was "so pestered by pertinacious and unwelcome gallants, that a number of young bloods formed themselves into a bodyguard to see her from the theatre to her lodgings." Then, suddenly, at the height of her success, she ran away with the Duke of Bolton, who, according to Gay, "settled £400 upon her at pleasure, and upon disagreement £200." That was the end of her as an actress. She seems, thenceforward, to have settled down most respectably to prepare herself to fill the part of a duchess as soon as the other Duchess of Bolton—a good woman, but, declares Horace Walpole, a monster of ugliness—should oblige her husband by dying. This did not happen for nearly a quarter of a century. It speaks worlds for the reality of the affection between Polly and the Duke that, at the end of this long wait, they were as eager to be married as at the beginning.

"It is certain . . . that his Grace was very anxious for the arrival of the day when he would be free to marry the woman of his heart, and when his duchess fell ill in 1751 he sent for his friend, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton, to whom he had previously presented a living, to go abroad with him and Lavinia, so that the marriage might be solemnised the very moment the news of the Duchess's death, which was daily expected, reached him."

The Duchess held on too long, however, for the clergyman's patience, and after a month or two's boredom at Montauban, he returned home. Soon afterwards the expected death took place, and the Duke, unable to wait for the return of Dr. Warton, who wished to join him again, "sent to Mr. Pevisme, the Chaplain to the Embassy at Turin, by whom the [marriage] ceremony was performed at Aix, in Provence." And with that, Polly Peachum ceases to be of any further account in the history either of the English stage or the English aristocracy.

Mr. Pearce is an assorter of facts, not a painter of character, with the result that his Polly is a very shadowy creature. At the same time, his facts, in spite of their casual arrangement, are generally quite interesting. Naturally, he devotes a good deal of space to subjects like the inception of "The Beggar's Opera," its production, its purpose, its frequent revivals, and the various actors and actresses who took part in it either in Polly's day or afterwards. It was Swift, he reminds us, who first suggested to Gay "what an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral might make," and this and the popular enthusiasm for Jack Shepherd and detestation of Jonathan Wild, the thief-catcher, seem to have been the seed from which "The Beggar's Opera" grew. Mr. Pearce ridicules the common idea that, in writing the piece, Gay had the intention of satirising the Italian opera then so popular.

We wish Gay himself filled a much larger part in this book than he does. That corpulent and short-lived wit, whose charm and whose fame are infinitely greater than anything he ever had to say, is a figure characteristic of much that entices us in the eighteenth century. In his improvidence, his indolence, his love of fine clothes, his passion for eating, and his pathetic jester's cheerfulness, as shown in the epitaph he wrote for himself:—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it—"

he stands out as one of those child-like worldlings, at the same time simple and artificial, to whom all the world's a stage—a place of glitter and fine conversations and no responsibilities. In his case, too, Mr. Pearce has failed to give us anything like a living portrait. Mr. Pearce, indeed, is more effective in describing theatrical conditions than theatrical persons. He has much that is interesting to tell us on matters such as eighteenth-century audiences and the salaries of actors, which, to judge by Polly's thirty shillings a week, do not appear to have been princely. In regard to the latter, however, we cannot overlook Fielding's statement to the effect that the stage promised a better income than any of the other professions. "The income of an actor of any rank," he declared, "is from six to twelve hundred a year." On this point, Mr. Pearce observes that actors were better paid than singers, and reminds us that the income of "star" performers included, not merely the nightly or weekly salary, but the proceeds of the benefit night. The takings at Polly's second benefit, for instance, amounted to £155 4s. On the other hand, the actors were charged heavily for their costumes. We hear of Mrs. Porter's having to pay £63 for "two rich suits of clothes," and of Ryan's paying £25 4s. for a suit of clothes of scarlet and silver. The latter also added to his expenses by the number of orders for seats he gave away to his friends. In the course of one season his gifts of seats appear to have cost him £73 19s.

This digression on the salaries and expenses of players is typical of Mr. Pearce's method of putting together his theatrical scrap-book. His book is brimful of odd facts such as that, in the days of "The Beggar's Opera," "newspapers paid the managers [of theatres] for the privilege of inserting their advertisements," that the flute was then the fashionable instrument, and that popular amusements were occasionally of a gross turn. We read of an advertisement inviting people to the spectacle of "a mad bull to be dressed up with fireworks, and a live cat to be tied to his tail and turned loose in the Game Place, with dogs after him." It is in accordance with the author's plan, again, that, in telling the story of Polly's marriage, he records such items as that Anastasia Robinson, who became Countess of Peterborough, was the first actress to marry into the peerage, and gives us various anecdotes of actors and actresses who had similar adventures. He recalls, for example, the excellent story of

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the Lord Cholmondeley who was horrified by his nephew's marriage to Peg Woffington's sister; but

"on being introduced to Mrs. Woffington some months after the match he was so much pleased with her that he declared, though he had been at first offended with the match, he was then reconciled to it. Mrs. Woffington, who had educated and supported her sister, coldly answered. 'My lord, I have much more reason to be offended at it than your lordship, for I had before one beggar to maintain, and now I have two.'"

We wish there was anything as good as that to be told of Lavinia Fenton, so as to give this book some biographical reality. But let us not complain overmuch. Mr. Pearce, as we have said, has only written a scrap-book, but it is a scrap-book which well deserves those over-worked epithets of praise, "instructive" and "entertaining." Meanwhile, John Gay and his circle is a subject which still awaits and invites the right author's hand.

A NOVEL OF VILLAGE LIFE.

"Women of the Country." By GERTRUDE BONE. With a Frontispiece by MURHEAD BONE. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

LITERATURE comes near to landscape painting when it attempts to interpret the lives of the poor. Observant, and if he can attain it, with a humble passivity, the novelist watches the drab continuous lives file before him, as the artist watches the march of shadows and the procession of the seasons. Each studies something not himself. The spectacle may inspire a religious acquiescence or a mood of revolt. Revolt and criticism in its many phases is the commoner attitude, the easier inspiration. It speaks in the domesticity of "Mary Barton" no less than in the brutal veracity of Guy de Maupassant's peasant stretches. It turns to a sinister emphasis on the malice and egoism that color humble lives in that unique and masterly study in a conscious and wilful realism, "The House with the Green Shutters." The other point of view is almost necessarily religious. It blends the peasant with the landscape; it sees them both moving through springs to winters, from obscure birth to humble death under the arch of the same acceptable destiny which governs seed-time and ripening and decay. The writer who has made this quietist's standpoint his own, will not be curious in his search for material. He will not seek the peasant-woman of genius as Mark Rutherford did in "Miriam's Schooling," nor the time of passionate upheaval as he did in "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane." In a Wordsworthian spirit, he will find his chosen theme in the first good and simple old woman in the first wayside cottage, as the artist will find his in the first thatched barn beside a shadowed pool.

Not so much by its quiet power of observation, nor even by its delicate style, as in its individuality of temperament, this little book by Mrs. Bone reveals a marked originality. It is very short. It has nothing which one can call a plot. It paints no arresting portraits. Its sensitive and minutely appropriate writing has no climax of eloquence or epigram. And yet it expresses a vision of life which, with all its modesty, is in our modern world perhaps the rarest. The chief character in the story is a poor country-woman, eccentric by reason of her daring but naive unworldliness, a lonely old maid, whose life is governed by a sincere and evangelical Christianity. One by one we learn to know "the women of the country" who form her circle—a blind, old apple-woman, a bustling and kindly farmer's wife, and the frail Jane Evans, who is lured away to become the mistress of a showy, irresponsible horse-breeder, and ends her tragedy in child-birth in the workhouse. The village chapel is the centre of their world, and two sermons, wonderfully accurate echoes of simple "Gospel" preaching, render the atmosphere of their thinking. The characters are drawn with a faithful and affectionate touch. One does not doubt that Mrs. Bone has known such women, and if the sketch is simple in its outlines, it is because their lives and thoughts are limpid and uncomplicated. Once or twice the uneventful pages gather a tragic force—in the restrained power of a moving and quietly terrible picture of a workhouse infirmary, and again in a long anecdote of slum-life, told by a "Home Missionary" in his sermon. But these are not the effects after which Mrs. Bone is chiefly seeking. She means

to convey a picture of the lives of these women, who achieve, under the influence of their unquestioned creed, a life of simple goodness and charity, which performs its duties as the fields bear their crops. Tragedies and disasters and sins are incidents which seem no more a contradiction of the even tenor of this life, than are storm and flood in the annals of a temperate climate. "Disciplined by the same forces which break the floods and the earth, . . . the poor work for their living, bowed always a little towards tragedy, yet understanding joy, from the bitterness of life and death and the added anguish of ignorance, drinking often their safety."

It is not easy to convey an adequate sense of the individuality of this book, which lies as much in its silence as in its speech. Never does a word or a thought obtrude which could suggest a doubt or a criticism of the tranquil and simple religion with which the "women of the country" look out on life. We are not even told that it is rare, precious, un-modern. It is interpreted with a sympathy that is not curious or self-conscious. Tolstoy, struggling to get back to the primitive religion of his beloved peasants, is militant, polemical, intensely aware of the originality of his attitude. In this book there is no deliberate stepping down "to the people," no prodigal's return to nature. It is a rendering, free from the least taint of literary self-consciousness, of the beauty of an evangelical religion, which has become under wide skies and amid the life of English farms a natural, instinctive creed. There is nothing to our knowledge which comes near it in our literature as an expression in the form of a tale of this religious spirit, with its simple and consoling vein of quietism. There are certainly few writers who handle English prose to-day with Mrs. Bone's delicate yet never precious touch, who can approach her sensitive yet never artificial choice of words, or paint a landscape with a verbal skill that rivals her accuracy of observation.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A British Borderland: Service and Sport in Equatoria." By Captain H. A. WILSON. (Murray. 12s. net.)

CAPTAIN WILSON's book, to which Mr. Cathcart Wason contributes a short introduction, is a very well-written account of experiences in sport and on service during five years spent in Equatorial Africa. Captain Wilson joined the King's African Rifles as a subaltern in 1902, and, in addition to work on the Uganda Railway, he served with the Anglo-German Boundary Commission, and took part in the Nandi punitive expedition. He speaks in high terms of the Political Officers whom he encountered, though he limits his praise to the value of these officials in expeditions that are on a small scale, and have few white men. The author also has a good word for the African native soldiers, Sudanese, Swahili, Somali, and even Wanyema, though he records some lapses into cannibalism on the part of the latter. Missionary work, however, comes in for some strictures. Captain Wilson is of opinion "that what the savage needs is not religion, but education," and he further holds that "if the pagan has to be weaned from paganism, Islam is the best fold into which he can be gathered." But Christianity and Islam cannot fuse in their present state of development, though Captain Wilson looks forward to a time, some centuries hence, when "regenerated Islam will blend with Christianity, Buddhism, and all other creeds throughout civilisation, into one universal world-religion." There are some good chapters on big-game hunting, including a thoroughly sportsmanlike discussion of "The Ethics of Shikar."

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THE Stock Exchange has passed through another anxious week, though it is taking comfort now in a belief that the Balkan War really is at last near the end, however unsatisfactory that end may be. But the possibility of another long series of complications in Armenia or Albania cannot be lost sight of, even if Bulgaria submits to a humiliating peace. Unfortunately, the news from China and Mexico is quite bad enough to offset whatever improvement may be reported from the Balkans. Nor is it easy to see how the exhausted combatants can hope to raise, on reasonable terms, the money which will be required to restore their famished population and wasted resources. Already it is clear that the armament firms and bankers who have financed hostilities so far will want to be repaid; and probably also that they will endeavor to secure that a large proportion of any new money which may be lent shall be spent on purchasing new armaments or replenishing munitions and warlike stores. Clearly, in a financial sense, the last state of the Balkans will be much worse than the first. But, of course, the indirect effect of the war losses is felt far more severely in Vienna and Berlin than in London. Industrial conditions in Germany are much worse, and a winter of hardship and unemployment is now predicted. It will be surprising if bad trade in Germany does not eventually extend to England, though it is true that some of our largest markets—notably India and Australia—are unaffected. The effect of Mr. Churchill's speech, and his eulogy of oil as fuel, has given a fresh stimulus to speculation in oil shares, and it is rumored that the Admiralty has been taking a hand in Mexican oilfields. Otherwise, investment is turning more strongly to gilt-edged securities. Foreign affairs are so perturbed that foreign bonds and foreign railroad securities are, for the time being, under a cloud. The best hope of the Stock Exchange lies in the prospect of abundance in the Money Market, which may come about partly as the result of bad trade. Another suggestion is that a reduction in the volume of our loans to foreign countries and to British colonies may contribute to the same result. I may add that Sir Felix Schuster counselled this course in his speech at the meeting of the London Union and Smith's Bank on Wednesday.

ANOTHER CHEAP TRUSTEE STOCK.

An addition to my list of Trustee stocks yielding 4 per cent. or more has appeared this week in the form of the new South Australian issue of £1,000,000 4 per cent. stock at 97. The principal is repayable at par on July 1st, 1960. A full six months' interest is payable on January 1st next, although the instalments are payable £5 on application, £22 on August 1st, £35 on August 25th, and £35 on September 25th. There is therefore a gain of interest, worth about ½ point, so that the yield on the stock, without allowing for its ultimate repayment at par, which is too far off to be worth taking into account at the present time, is £4 3s. per cent. The lists will be closed by the time these lines are in print, but, judging by recent experience of new issues, I should say that those who have waited until the lists are closed are not likely to be less favorably situated than those who have applied and received an allotment.

ARGENTINE RAILWAY STOCKS.

The Argentine Railway Market, once the favorite of investors, has been sadly shaken in the last few months. The decline in investment stocks went a long way before it affected the section, as the investors who held the stocks were not of the class which is always on the look-out for a slightly better yield elsewhere. Stockholders in the railways seemed content with their investments, and speculators in the market were afraid to take liberties as "bears,"

because the floating supply of stock was small. It has been evident, however, that for some time a certain amount of selling of Argentine Railway Debentures has been going on. These stocks used to return less than 4 per cent. in the case of the strong companies, and the decline in India stocks and the Trustee group generally was bound to show itself soon. Even now the Debentures of the best Argentine railways yield less than the securities of some Canadian Provinces, and a few of them give yields no higher than some Trustee stocks. The 4 per cent. Debenture stocks of the Western and Great Southern, for instance, both stand at 97—the price of the new South Australian loan. The conditions of the market in the Ordinary stock were much upset by the failure of an important firm of jobbers in the market, who it is understood were brought down by their speculations in Cordoba stocks on the Farquhar scheme. Just lately, however, Great Southern have been weak on the new issue of £2,650,000 in extension shares at par. These shares will bear interest at 4 per cent. until June 30th, 1914, when they will be converted into Ordinary stock. If the 7 per cent. Ordinary dividend can be continued, the terms are equivalent to issuing new Ordinary capital at 103; and only a short while back the Ordinary stock was quoted at over 125! The terms mean either that money is an absolute necessity to the company at the present time, or that the 7 per cent. dividend cannot continue much longer. There is no doubt that it will be paid for the year just closed, but it is practically certain that it will have to be cut some time. The line has been very fortunate in keeping up the dividend in the past; an extra good harvest has at times allowed the directors to maintain it when prior charges were pressing, and, at others, the liberal charging of interest on new capital to construction account has saved the situation. The Western, on the other hand, has always earned a higher rate of income on its capital, and has met all new interest charges out of revenue, so that its position is much stronger. The delay in the passing of the amalgamation scheme by the Argentine Government may jeopardise the amalgamation altogether; for if the comparative weakness of the Southern becomes manifest, Western shareholders will not be content to join on equal terms. Western stock at its present price yields 6 per cent., and Great Southern a trifle more, now the value of the rights of application to the new issue are deducted. Great Southern shareholders who do not wish to increase their holdings in that line are selling an amount of stock equal to the new shares allotted to them, as this is more profitable than selling the "rights" by themselves. As the price of Western stock, however, is so low, as compared with the Southern, it will not be surprising if holders of Southern exchange into Western. If the amalgamation comes off on level terms they will have lost nothing, and if it falls through they will hold a better stock. B. A. and Pacific stock, which was held up so as to yield but little over 2 per cent., has given way on the underwriting of a further issue of Debenture stock. The Pacific may not reach the point of passing its dividend altogether, but it will have a near thing this year, and, owing to the weakness of the company, it is very doubtful if the line will ever pay more than 5 per cent. in the future. Pacific stock is not yet at a cheap price.

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In spite of the labor troubles, Furness, Withey's profits were largest in the history of the company, but the dividend remains at 10 per cent., the same as was paid last year. The profits amounted to £756,140 against £653,200 last year, and the depreciation allowance was raised from £240,000 to £350,000, additions to various reserves remaining the same at £125,000. The good results are due to the high level of freights and the heavy demand for new ships, as the company is a shipbuilding as well as a shipowning concern. Up to the present, freight rates have been maintained at a very remunerative level; but the future of trade is not easy to forecast. A large amount of new tonnage has been put into the water, and a falling off in trade may bring freights down.

LUCELLUM.

We understand that the issue of £100,000 5½ per cent. Debentures, and £300,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares in D. Napier & Son, Ltd., will be made early next week. The issue will not be underwritten.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS, LTD.

THE Twelfth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was held on the 23rd inst., at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt., the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report, the Chairman stated that the house of Tuck was established in 1866 by his late father, and therefore wanted but three years to the celebration of its jubilee. Excepting its transformation from a private family concern into a public company some twelve years back, its career had been, on the whole, uneventful, and it had gone on expanding from small beginnings by slowly but surely extending its scope. This development was happily accompanied by the gracious recognition of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George, who had honored them with the Royal Warrant of Appointment of art publishers to their Majesties. The German Emperor had also just graciously conferred upon them the honor of a Royal Warrant of Appointment.

Referring to the progress of the business during the past twelve months, he remarked that their departments, one and all, were in a most healthy condition. Their previous record for Christmas and greeting cards had been handsomely beaten. Tuck's Christmas Cards might be fairly claimed to hold the field throughout the world more firmly than ever. Tuck's postcards continued to hold their acknowledged position as the standard postcards of the day, the famous "Oilette" fully maintaining the lead among the lesser number of shining lights they were constantly kindling. The engraving and picture departments continued to yield no less satisfactory results. The art, novelty, and sundry departments, if not of the same importance, were none the less useful and promising adjuncts of the business.

Dealing with the balance-sheet, the Chairman pointed out that the total of the fixed stock assets was £145,031, showing a decrease on last year's figures of £2,550. With regard to the more liquid assets—accounts owing to the company, investments in Government, Colonial, Corporation, and other gilt-edged stocks, investments in printing and publishing companies, including Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., Berlin, the investment of the special dividend reserve fund, and cash at bank and in hand, gave them a total of £249,130, an increase compared with last year of £15,939. Deducting from this the increase in the amount owing by the Company, £19,719, as against £17,320—they arrived at a surplus of liquid assets of £13,540. Allowing on that total, again, the decrease in their fixed assets, they were left with a net surplus in their total assets of £10,990 over the previous year. Passing to the net profits, he said that the Board asked the shareholders to uphold the conservative policy of previous years, and to sanction the declaration of a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. for the past half-year, making 6 per cent. for the year, to transfer £8,000 to general reserve and £2,000 to special dividend reserve fund, and to carry forward £5,502. In that case the Company's reserves would amount to a combined total of £96,339, or less than £4,000 short of their first £100,000 reserve.

With reference to the outlook for the future, the Chairman stated it was not too much to claim that it was practically already assured so far as next year was concerned.

His recent visit to the United States was undertaken entirely in the interests of the Company. The American Company of Raphael Tuck & Sons was a distinct organisation, which had the sole control of the North American Continent, including Canada. It had been highly profitable for many years, large dividends having been paid. On the death, last February, of the President of the American Company, an opportunity arose to acquire nearly all the shares of the four American stockholders on fairly reasonable terms. He went to New York last November to negotiate for their purchase on behalf of the London Company, and again in June this year to complete the purchase, on the latter occasion being accompanied by his son and fellow-director, Mr. Desmond Tuck, who, recognising the importance of the issues at stake, promptly volunteered to take up the New York management on Anglo-American lines until such time as an able successor could be installed. There could be little doubt that the American shares which had been acquired for the Company should, within a reasonable period, yield a handsome revenue, altogether apart from the benefits accruing to them from a now entirely unhindered outlet for the London publications throughout America and Canada. The cost of acquiring the shares, including the additional capital required for carrying on the American business on the sound lines invariably followed by London, would be about £60,000; and the directors, in asking the shareholders to place them in the position of having the major portion of that amount, to draw upon from the Company's reserves, instead of creating fresh capital, by adding that day £8,000 to the general reserve, bringing it up to the total of £48,000, besides placing £2,000 to dividend reserve, did

so in the full belief that that course was best calculated to maintain the strength of the Company, and considerably to increase the value of their present holdings. Their special dividend reserve of £39,494 could not be in any way encroached upon, only the general and capital reserves being invested in the American undertaking, so that the strong financial position of the Company remained fully unimpaired and assured.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the resolutions, which were unanimously carried.

The retiring directors, Sir A. C. Doyle and Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., and the auditors, Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co., were afterwards re-elected.

On the motion of Mr. Percy M. Castello, seconded by Mr. Charles Smith, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman and directors.

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